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# Life and Light for Woman.

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ZULU STATION CHILDREN, NATAL.



ZULU HEATHEN CHILDREN.

## AFRICA.

## AFRICA'S DARKNESS.

BY MRS. C. L. GOODENOUGH, OF JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Sphinx is a fitting symbol of the mysterious Africa of the past. To-day we can no longer call Africa as a whole an unknown land, for at successive touches from such magicians as Livingstone, Stanley and Leopold, the torpid continent is rousing from the slumber of ages, and the change, though fraught with serious dangers, we yet believe betokens better things for Africa, for her sleep of the past has been a long nightmare.

Although the larger part of the continent has now been explored, there remain regions which are either entirely untouched by white men, or where the solitary traveler who ventures in is told, "You are the first white person we have seen." Such places are the remoter parts of the Congo basin, the hunter land of the Gaboon country, and a large region north of the Zambesi; a trader who had penetrated this latter section recently telling our missionaries that he found a plateau stretching 600 miles in every direction where there were no white people.

Three incalculable evils lie at the base of African society until relieved by Christianity: first, insecurity of life; second, superstition in place of religion; third, the idea of property right in human beings.

The sense of insecurity has three sources,—inter-tribal strife, the tyranny of their chiefs, and general suspicion between individuals.

Inter-tribal strife is carried on partly for plunder and to settle quarrels, but also because hunting and war are considered as the only honorable pursuits for the men, and they are restless in peace. Our own missionaries in their explorations in Gazaland, a few years ago, found the country in confusion, the people fugitive from their homes on account of a raid of the powerful chief Gungungana upon the weaker tribes north of him. His victims expressed pathetically their sorry case: "We are hunted. We are nothing but wild game," they said. This is the prevailing condition of tribal relations outside of white control,—strong tribes taking advantage of weaker ones, until some have been driven to make their homes in almost inaccessible places.

The rapacity of the native chief is also a cause of insecurity of both life and property to those of his own tribe. He rules by fear alone, and his ambition is only held in check by dread of assassination. Persons are often put to death arbitrarily, other subjects not daring to even question the reason. Two traits of native character are either the direct result of this high-handed rule, or else are much accentuated by it; namely, lack of thrift



and deceit. A man who accumulates wealth is a certain victim in the end of the chief's avarice. For a while the man is let alone, on the principle of "letting the sheep's wool grow," as their saying is. Then some charge is trumped up against him, probably that of witchcraft, his property is confiscated, and very likely his life is forfeited. No wonder the people conclude that thrift is inexpedient. Deceit is fostered by the custom of lauding the chief and his imaginary virtues, no matter how hateful he may be to his subjects. There are no flatterers like the native Africans.

The feeling of insecurity caused by fear of others in the community is linked so closely with their superstitions, that the subjects cannot be separated. The heathen African lives in the atmosphere of his suspicions, which are liable to fasten on any one, even his nearest neighbor. Every sickness is the work of an enemy, a human being in complexity with a capricious or evil spirit, working through incantations or medicines of evil potency, which may be thrown across his path. The people also fear their doctors of divination, even though they apply to them to help them carry out their ends. But these doctors have an uncanny reputation for murders, in order to obtain some parts of the human body supposed to have potency as charms or medicines. These superstitions are the foundation of many of the atrocities universal among African tribes when their excitement is aroused, such as the killing of persons accused of witchcraft, and the destruction of twin children for the ill-luck they are imagined to bring. Our Gazaland missionaries know a woman who has destroyed seven pairs of twins—her own children—by drowning them in a large pot. She is a pleasant, friendly woman, not at all the monster of cruelty we might suppose. She did these things because she, poor creature, believed that she must. At the death of a chief, many innocent persons are put to death that there may be genuine mourning in the land, and also that the shade of the chief may have company. Thus a horrible form of spiritualism seems to be the only substitute for religion which the poor African possesses. God is to him only a name, but his outraged moral nature is a witness of condemnation within his heart. "Who told you that it is wrong to kill a man or to steal?" asks the missionary. "No one told us," replies the native, but he does not deny that he knows these things to be wrong. The darkness which hangs over the dying bed of the Christless heathen is his groundless superstition combined with his very real, though vague, sense of guilt.

Almost equally with fear and superstition, the universal idea of property right in human beings blights the life of Africa. It lies at the foundation of their social structure, perverting marriage into a mercantile relation. Every wife is paid for, and is principally valued as an accretion to her husband's

wealth. Her labor obtains the family food supply from the ground, and the price of her daughters at their marriage more than recompenses the husband for his original investment in their mother. Thus polygamy is a business promising indolence and distinction. The husband is not slow to remind his wife that she is really and truly his property. "I bought you and paid for you," he tells her each time he is angry; "you must do as I say." His daughters are also an important part of the householder's wealth. He watches with pride his comely, dark-skinned daughter developing into womanhood, but his parental love and interest are mixed with the thought of the two fat cows that will be driven into his kraal when she is married.

Does some one object that the picture is overdrawn; that the traveler who penetrates the remote parts of Africa finds a light-hearted people who might better be let alone? We reply, wait till these peaceful, happy children of nature are touched in their underlying superstition, or their evil passions or prejudices, then, as the placid mountain lake swept by a sudden storm is changed from an azure mirror into an inky cauldron lashed with angry foam, so these apparently calm, unemotional, kind-hearted people are suddenly transformed into monsters of cruelty capable of any crime. There is only one help for Africa,—the gospel of Jesus Christ. May the providential changes now in progress mean the dawning of a better day for the unknown land of Central Africa.

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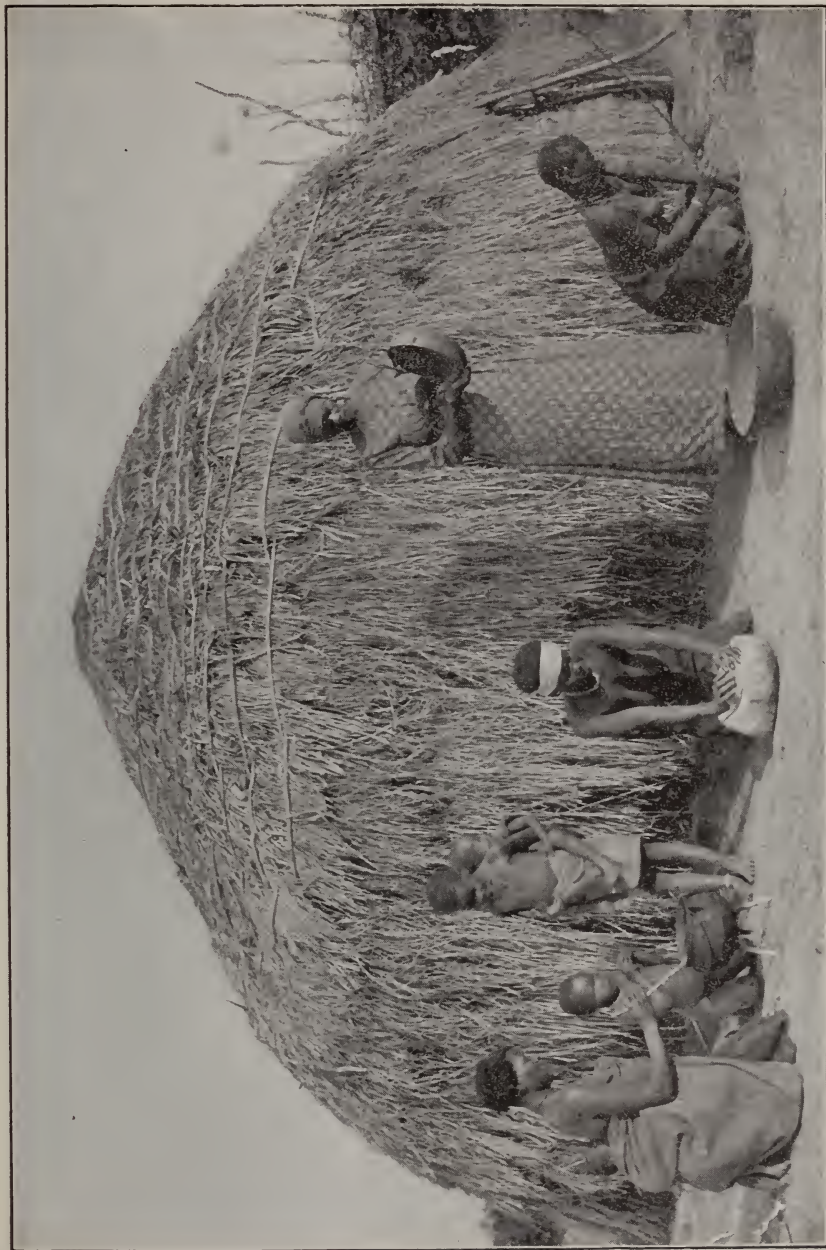
### ENTRANCE OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

BY MISS MARTHA E. PRICE, OF INANDA, SOUTH AFRICA.

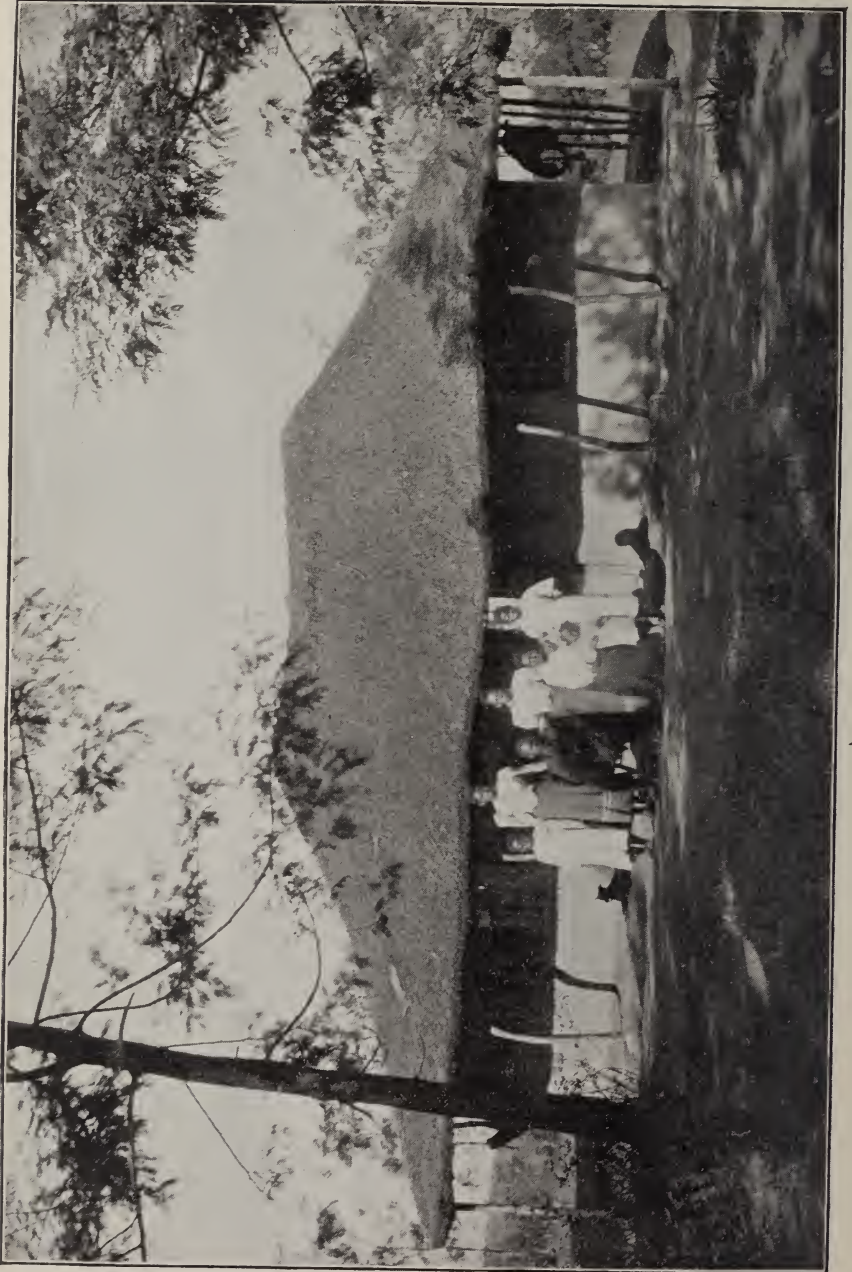
"THE entrance of Thy words giveth light," said the Psalmist, and all history shows the truth of his words. It would be interesting, had we time and material to take up our topic exhaustively, to trace from the earliest times the progress of Christian civilization throughout Africa. We would like to know how that "man of Ethiopia," returning to his queen's court in the joy of new-found light, helped to illumine other hearts and lives, but the sacred record is silent on the subject. We read that Christian teachers were sent to Northern and Eastern Africa at a time when our own ancestors were yet a rude and barbarous people; also that a missionary college was established at Alexandria in the second century.

Passing by those early days, so little known, we come down to 1737, when those pioneer missionaries, the Moravians, brought the gospel message to the degraded and down-trodden Hottentots of South Africa; degraded as they were, that Word which "giveth understanding" found entrance, and they learned, we are told, "many useful arts of industry as well as the truths





ONE OF THE HUTS IN A HEATHEN KRAAL.



HOME OF A CHRISTIAN ZULU IN NATAL.

of the gospel." Later, we find Moffat among his Bechuanas, teaching them the "arts and habits of civilized life, and establishing schools and churches." A few years more and three pioneers of our own Board are landing on the shores of Natal, in December, 1835. Though this colony is but a tiny part of great Africa, an account of the entrance of Christian civilization here may serve, in many respects, as a sample of the work in other fields.

Two months after the arrival of the missionaries a school was started, the shade of a large tree affording the schoolroom, and the earth the books, the letters being written in the sand. A printing press was soon set up and a few elementary books printed, and the savage king Dingaan himself sent pupils to the school. But the hopes thus raised of a speedy entrance of light were not realized; years of war and bloodshed came, causing a temporary abandonment of the work, and ten years passed before the first convert was gained. Then, as always, the stirring of the new life within the heart awakened desires for more civilized houses and clothing and modes of life; gradually the neat upright cottage, with its rooms, its chairs, tables and beds, its books on the shelf, took the place among the Christians of the low hut with its one dark room, its grass mats and wooden pillows and beer-pots. In 1860 the mission could say, "The rapidly advancing civilization, the improved mode cultivating the soil, the increasing number of foreign implements of labor, the upright houses erected, the gradual change of native customs, the Christian families gathered, the schools sustained and the churches organized, are positive evidences of progress and encouragements to continued effort." Effort has been continued, and God has blessed it. The hindrances have been many, and discouraging lapses occur, some from the increasing influence of non-Christian civilization; then the people themselves, as is natural to those just coming from darkness, sometimes mistake the dawn of knowledge for its meridian, or fail to distinguish between the false and the true with disastrous results. Yet, in spite of all this, the Christian civilization introduced years ago has broadened and deepened, and year by year it is entering numbers of the many remaining heathen homes.

Some of the evidences of progress in these kraal homes and of the ways in which it is accomplished I will mention. There lies before me the photograph of a heathen hut; in front of it are several women and children in such scanty attire that you feel like turning your face away, but you notice one among them whose neat dress and attractive face are a pleasing contrast. Could you ask her why she dresses she would say, "Ngi ya kolwa," or perhaps, "Ngi funa ukukolwa" (I believe, or I am seeking to believe). Visit other kraal homes and you will now find many like her. Years ago when I asked our kraal girls, "Have you any Christian friends in your home?" the





CHRISTIAN SCHOOLBOYS — ZULUS OF NATAL.



HEATHEN ZULUS OF NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

usual answer was "No;" last year, among eighty girls from heathen homes, only five, I think, said they had no Christian friends, and most named several, brothers and sisters, the mother, and sometimes even the father. Many of these mothers and sisters of our girls have their first civilized clothing sewed for them in the school, the daughters and sisters being glad to do all they can to help in the matter. The return of these kraal girls to their homes after their first term at school, going, as they do, not only clothed but with new ideas as to cleanliness and civilized ways of doing things, proves often the entering wedge of civilization in that home. Some of these girls, on returning after a vacation, speak of reading the Bible and praying daily in their homes; it takes no little courage, often, to attempt this in the presence of their heathen fathers, but they seem to think it a matter of course, if Christians, that they should do it.

Another influence at work is that of the lay preachers, who go week by week to their appointed places among the heathen. Many of the kraal girls say they come to us because they want to learn about the Lord, and on inquiry we find that this desire was awakened by what they heard at these preaching places. One, a wild, careless girl, who went only to pass away the time, was roused by some earnest personal words, remembered them afterwards in a dangerous illness, and told the Lord that she would be a Christian if he would only spare her life. She had always thought that clothing was put on just to hide some deformity of the body; now she said, "How will it appear that I am a Christian if I do not dress and do not learn?" So she came to school, and now her mother dresses and her little brothers are at school. A crippled girl used to see these preachers pass her hut; sometimes they called, and once or twice she heard them pray. She began to think of these things; then a station man being kept there by illness, his daughter, wearing a dress, came to nurse him. Having seen this dressed girl, the cripple sent to town for cloth, held it up to herself to measure it, cut it with a knife, and, when first seen by a white missionary, was neatly dressed, the only one in the kraal wearing civilized clothing. Her Christian life has now for many years been a help and inspiration to others.

There is danger, of course, of mistaking the outward and visible change for the inner. Those brought up on the stations and so accustomed from childhood to more or less civilization, if they do not become real Christians, often give sad evidence of the truth of the adage that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It is usually the conduct of such that gives occasion to criticizing colonists to say that Christian kaffirs are worse than the heathen. Some of those who come from heathen homes to our schools, and most who put on clothing because of working in the towns, understand little, and care less,



about the heart-robcs of righteousness which they need so much more. Faithful teaching and the Spirit's guidance may, as we have seen, awaken even in such a deeper desire and lead to their salvation. But if this is not the case, the outward garb of civilization is either soon laid aside, or if retained only serves to pave the way to those civilized vices which ruin both body and soul even more quickly than the evil customs of heathenism itself.

How can people just emerging from heathenism escape the contaminating influences about them? Only by becoming new creatures in Christ Jesus. Let the native races of Africa be taught to work, let them be encouraged to learn trades and industries, but let the truth never be lost sight of that only a Christian civilization can bring to them real help and blessing.

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### AFRICA.—ITS NEW LIFE.

BY MRS. JOHN O. MEANS.

EVEN a brief glimpse of the new upspringing life of this vast African Continent, long buried in spiritual death, is inspiring to our faith. If we look at the land earliest known to history, we see that "Egyptian darkness" is fast fleeing before the sunrise of the gospel.

Under British influence the way of the Lord has been so literally prepared that whereas, twenty-one years ago, there was hardly a mile of good wagon-road in Egypt, there are now more than a thousand miles of excellent roads, and fourteen hundred miles of railroad. Under just laws and reasonable taxes, the once wretched peasants have become prosperous farmers, and Egypt, in early times the granary of other lands, is again a source of abundant supply.

The spiritual enlightenment was begun by English women, and our American Presbyterians have shared with them the honors of pioneer Christian effort. In each of the one hundred and eighty provinces there are Christian schools, and in 1898 the pupils numbered twelve thousand eight hundred, of whom four thousand were girls. There is regular mission work in fifty-five of the eighty-three chief towns. From these centers the light is spreading, and Christ is preached at one hundred and fifty different points in the long valley of the Nile.

In the Soudan a mission to Moslems has recently been initiated. It is headed by Mr. Hermann Krumm and his bride, Mrs. Lucy Guinness Krumm, and it is to be largely manned and supported from Germany. An entrance is thus to be made among the free and vigorous sons of the desert and into the great world of Islam, with its two hundred million of human beings.

Following down the eastern coast we find around the three great lakes of Central Africa the stir of a new activity and the brightness of "the light that never was on sea or land." Uganda lies along the shores of Victoria Nyanza, and is the country exploited by Stanley, and at his request entered by the English Church Missionary Society. The enormous difficulties and the splendid successes of this mission form one of the most remarkable chapters of missionary history. There is now in Uganda a large and growing native church, five thousand having been baptized in 1899, and all signs pointing to a still larger ingathering during the present year. The people are eager readers of the Bible, and if a man knows only the alphabet, he teaches it to his neighbor. It is in this way that the knowledge of the truth has spread so rapidly.

Under the care and at the expense of the chiefs, chapels are built all over the land, and they are filled by large congregations. This year there are one hundred and seventy young men in training at the capital as teachers and preachers. The railroad, long ago predicted by Stanley, from the coast to "the tropical paradises of Uganda," is nearly completed, and "the nice, cleanly dressed, sober and independent people" whom Stanley saw on his second visit, are already acting as foreign missionaries to the regions beyond. They are passing westward through Toro toward the Dark Forest, and are approaching the English Baptist Mission on the Lundi River, thus making nearly continuous the stream of gospel light across the continent.

At Lake Tanganyika the London Missionary Society carries on a good work, and at Lake Nyassa, the Livingstonia Mission of the Scotch is a glorious monument to the hero whose name it bears. Twenty-five years ago Nyassaland was the home of fierce savages. The ingathering of converts has been miraculous. They have come by thousands. There are now four hundred and sixty-eight native Christian teachers in one hundred and twenty-three Christian schools, which have an annual attendance of thirty thousand pupils.

Still looking southward, we see that, on the Zambezi River, the French Protestants are bravely leading the way for Christian civilization into Barotse-land; a land of heathen darkness,—a darkness which may be felt. They are assisted by native evangelists from their long-established and flourishing churches among the Basutos, near to Natal. It is greatly owing to the influence of these noble French missionaries that during the Boer war twenty thousand armed Basutos, eager to put down the Boers, their former oppressors, have sat still in their homes, at the bidding of the British Resident.

In our own Natal Mission, congregations aggregating nine thousand are taught at two hundred preaching places, and the twenty-two churches have

a present membership of over twenty-one hundred. In recent years two religious awakenings of great power have blessed the land, and the forty-one day-schools and four higher schools have shared in a remarkable uplift.

A young and promising offshoot of this Natal work is our East Central African Mission in Gazaland, where nine Americans are telling for us of the love of God in Christ. There Miss Gilson is laying the foundation of her African Mount Holyoke, and there the new converts are already teaching to their people the words of this life.

Until the outbreak of the South African War the Natal Mission had an important outstation at Johannesburg. Our missionaries had a most encouraging parish of forty-five hundred men, drawn from all quarters by the magnet of the gold mines. Many were taught for the first time of the true God and his will, and were in training to carry back this knowledge to their friends.

Space fails for telling of the multiplied missions of the British, the Germans, the Swiss, and the Swedes which dot South Africa. Passing the Cape Colony, a Christian State long astir with all modern activities, we glance along the western coast or follow up the Congo, the Niger, and the Senegal Rivers, where English and French, Americans and Germans are laying strong "foundations for that new, near day which shall be builded out of heaven from God."

In Angola, two hundred miles inland from Benguella, our own West Central African Mission is taking possession of the land for Christ. Its converts are rising in the scale of being to a true manhood and womanhood. Its four stations have seemed to a passing traveler like an oasis in the desert of surrounding heathendom; and all they need for a rapidly widening influence is a larger force of helpers, the result of a more adequate support by the church at home.

The Congo River and the railway along its banks have become a veritable highway for the Church militant, in her onward march against the powers of darkness. English and American Baptists, the American Southern Presbyterians, and the Balolo Mission of the Guinness family have done valiant service for their great Commander. A recent interesting example of what has been done is found in the Southern Presbyterian Mission to the Bakuba tribe, 500 miles south of the Congo, but within the bounds of the Free State. The Bakubas were so resolute in their determination to keep out all foreigners that it was an offense punishable with death to guide any stranger across the border and through the intricate parts leading to the town of King Lukenga. The Belgian officials had sought entrance in vain. Mr. Sheppard, a young colored missionary, by long persistence and through many perilous adventures, succeeded in reaching the capital.

Instant death seemed to be awaiting him, when suddenly the threatening looks and fierce gestures of these cannibals changed to cordial and reverent friendliness. The king fancied that the stranger who had found his way to them without mortal guidance was the spirit of his father, returned to them in the flesh! He now received a royal welcome, though he tried in every possible way to disabuse the people's minds of this fancy.

Mr. Sheppard soon returned to this country,—it was in 1893,—but went back with a wife and another colored missionary, and the results of their labors are as follows: The constant and cruel native wars have ceased. A peaceful and contented people live in cottages surrounded with good gardens. Sunday congregations of five hundred are not rare, and “there are no better Presbyterians than the Bakuba converts.” A gigantic chief, six feet six inches in height, with the demeanor of a gentleman and the dignity of a king, rules his people justly, and treats the missionaries with constant kindness.

On the French Congo and the Senegal the descendants of the Huguenots are faithfully at work, and Northwestern Africa and the Mediterranean shore furnish abundant room for varied missionary undertakings, of which our limited space forbids particular mention.

Liberia and the Congo Free State are important factors in Africa's new life, and the advent of the cable, the telegraph, and the railroad are wonderful aids to every Christian enterprise. All things are now ready. May the Church of Christ, inspired by victories already won and by the fair promise of the future, take no rest till she has preached the gospel to every creature throughout this wide domain.

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## CHINA.

### LETTER FROM MISS ANNIE GOULD.

[Through the kindness of family friends we are permitted to use the following letter, just received at our Rooms.]

PAO-TING-FU, CHIHILI, CHINA.

TUESDAY, May 29.

I was to have started for mission meeting to-day, but the Boxers didn't let me. How? They objected to having French soldiers sent to Peking, and as the railroad facilitates the moving of troops, they proceeded to tear up part of the road, burned three stations and a bridge, and cut the telegraph wires. I am not going overland with the country in such a commotion; moreover, I can't leave school for so long a time. If I were “up” in Cicero I could quote him better; I have a recollection of his asking something like this: “In what age, in what country are



we living?" Boatmen, carters, innkeepers, etc., naturally do not like the railroad because it takes away traffic from them.

The man with whom the Boxer movement practically originated is intensely anti-foreign. Originally he suggested it to the people of his district as a scheme to protect themselves against bandits. Later it took on the anti-foreign spirit, and now has assumed these proportions.

The Governor of Shantung was removed because the foreigners insisted upon it, but he was thereupon made Governor of Shansi, and already the foreigners feel it; they cannot rent a house anywhere, whereas there has never before been the slightest trouble in T'ai Yuan Fu.

Recently at a town on the railroad there were a good many Boxers. One General Yang went up to investigate matters. They fired on him, killing his horse. His body-guard fled, and he was killed. A relative who went up to investigate his death was also set upon and killed by the Boxers. We shall see what will come of all this.

A few days ago a good many soldiers, Chinese, but foreign trained, arrived here to protect the city. Miss Morrill has seen them on her way to her work in the suburbs. They dress differently from the soldiers we usually see around here, looking more trig or soldierly.

My days go by and I don't accomplish as much as I wish. I hear the girls recite, prepare sewing for Mrs. Jang, sell cloth, etc., to the schoolgirls for their stockings, shoes and clothing. I used to tell mother that I made her two steps for every one I saved her; I fear I make two annoyances for Mary for each one I prevent.

Last Monday (May 28), after the railroad was torn up, the French who are in charge of the railroad all left. Some of their ladies insisted on going, and prevailed against the better judgment of the men. So thirty in all started in twelve boats with a guard of fifty soldiers and a crowd to watch them off. There were black looks and angry mutterings. It was fortunate for their peace of mind that they did not understand what was said. Some of our mission Chinese said: "They are doing foolishly. They may get away safely, but the Boxers will send word down the river and attack them on their way to Tien Tsin."

That was Monday. To-day, Thursday (May 31), we hear that they have had a very hard time, the river being low, and the Boxers have sworn to kill any foreigners they can lay their hands on. Along the river, therefore, it will be doubly dangerous. Yesterday, a man who is on very good terms with foreigners, advised Mr. Bagnall, of the China Inland Mission, in a roundabout way, to leave before the Boxers got any more furious against us, but we don't want to desert our posts. Mr. Bagnall has gone to see Mr.

Wu (Great-man—that is his title), and we wait his report. Some of us think it impossible that our compound can be troubled, it is so near to the city. On the other hand, there are about one thousand Boxers in Pao-ting-fu, and more in the villages. What can the few soldiers do, especially as they will not fire on the Boxers to defend us. I can't see through a matter like this. We may be killed, and our property looted; or we may escape with the skin of our teeth; or we may be unmolested. God knows.

My head believes in God's knowledge and goodness, and that we cannot be hurt contrary to His will: yet I cannot say that I have deep heart faith; it is an intellectual conviction. Just so I know perfectly well the possibility of danger, but, generally speaking, it does not weigh on me, or when it does I just cry out and pray for "grit." I am glad to remember that you pray for us. Last night when I was agonizing in the effort to say in truth "God's will be done," I thought of what mother says, The nearest way to China is by the way of 'the throne,'—the mercy-seat,—and it comforted me. I can't tell you exactly what I fear; not death, nor even violence at the hands of a mob, for the physical suffering would be over soon, and God can give strength for that.

Perhaps you can understand why with all this disturbance and my sleepiness I can't put my thoughts on paper. If I live I will send you another letter soon. Love from Mary and me. "If not on earth, will meet in heaven."

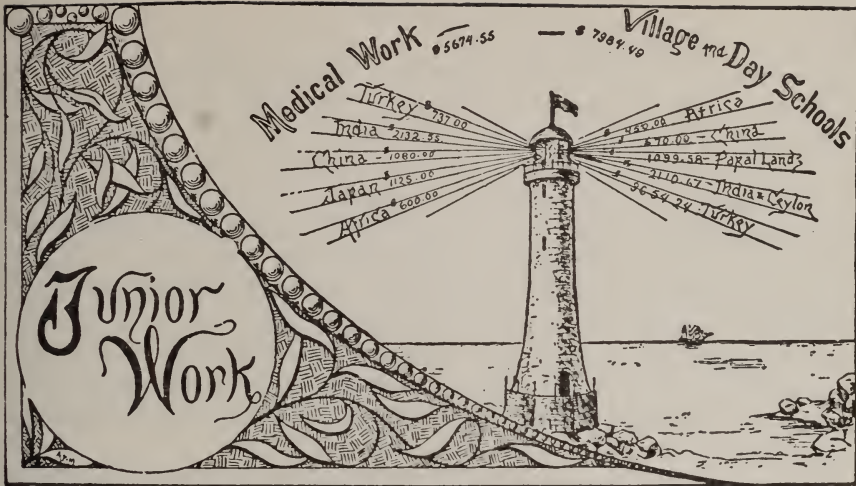
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### A CHINESE CONVERT.

FROM DR. J. H. INGRAM, TUNG-CHO, NORTH CHINA.

Perhaps you will remember that while you were in Tung-cho there were several persons admitted to the church one Sunday. One of these was a man from the hospital, who was very poorly dressed. He had been a gambler, and while in the wards he had decided to become a Christian. I remember that I felt when I looked at him as he was standing up before the church in his very untidy dress, "Is that man really in earnest about wanting to live a Christian life?" I confess that his forlorn appearance awakened in me not a few misgivings. Now, after a year and a half, things look different. This ex-gambler is one of the most active Christians we have in the church. He has been acting as chapel keeper for over a month, and Mr. Wilder is very much pleased with the way in which he preaches and illustrates Christian truth to outsiders. The hymn book he has mastered, and has learned to play several tunes on the organ. If he had had any instruction in these lines I would not think it so remarkable, but he has not. He got a copy of Mr. Tewksbury's tonic sol-fa system, and by it he can play these pieces. When he was a gambler he could win by all the tricks which were known—he was master of them all; in his Christian course he seems to be using the same diligence which he formerly used in defrauding people, but now he is saving people.





To give light to them that sit in darkness. Luke 1:77.

## CHINA.

### MY LITTLE SICK NEIGHBOR.

BY MRS. ARTHUR H. SMITH.

WE found her close to our very door, the poor little "shut-in"; a thin, weary invalid, who had curvature of the spine and tiny bound feet. Her soft, liquid eyes and delicate features showed why they had called her Mei (May)—beautiful. Her grandfather was a rich man, but the frugality and simplicity of the household offered but few comforts for such a sufferer. Her small frame was much emaciated, but there was nothing but one thin cotton comforter between her and her brick bed. "Is it not hard, little sister? Does it not make you sore?" "Yes, of course," she assented drearily. They would not make her a simple straw mattress. It would be "too heating." The water from their well was very bad, and sadly disagreed with her, but somehow they did not come a few rods and get her daily a cooling draught from our cistern. She needed delicate and nourishing food, but the Chinese know nothing of glass syphons, nor would there have been any dainty liquid to take with its aid. The coarse food of the family did not tempt her. Broad the acres her grandfather cultivated, well fed and robust his hired men and his cattle, but as to buying a whole chicken at a cost of ten cents for the invalid, when she couldn't eat more than half the breast, it did seem such a pity that they could not bring themselves to do it. For good cheer, variety, spice, diversion, she had the calls of neighbors, to whom her friends carefully rehearsed all her latest symptoms, the smallness of her

appetite, the sleepless nights which her great-aunt spent in fanning her. They felt it such a pity that a girl with so fine a face and such small feet must, after all, be a failure, and live all her life a spinster, on account of the mere detail of having no back to speak of! The only change of scene she ever had was an occasional visit to her mother's mother, but to her sensitive spine the cart journey must have been torture. How we longed to open to her bright, restless mind a door into the wonder-world of books; to give to her narrow little sphere a horizon beyond a horizon, to lead her thoughts up away from the little sick body. Her great aunt, who seemed to furnish the will and the tongue for the entire family, was a heathen, and wished no proselyting, and if she tolerated lessons for a short time, soon stopped them on some pretext, or on none at all. Then she often followed us up in her efficient way, with breezy devices to blow away any pernicious seeds of truth we might have left in the child's mind.

A lesson in the gospel primer might be followed by a meeting of their heathen sect, and many rites intended to drive the Devil out of the sick girl. Sometimes two members of the family made vows to remain on their knees for twenty-four hours at a stretch, burning incense for her to the gods. We should see. The child would be well to-morrow. On the weary morrow, after the excitement and late hours, the little sufferer would be worse. Then the old lady would patter over to us and want a slip from every kind of plant we had, so that she might stew together an hundred different herbs, thus making a medicine warranted to cure everything from corns to heartache!

After this perhaps an expensive Buddhist high-mass, which was enough to wear out well nerves with its din and clamor. At last the grandfather, who had seen something of the world, and who had one grain of faith in foreign medicine, took matters into his own hands, and brought the invalid to the kind missionary doctor. She was put into a plaster-jacket. It seemed as if brighter skies were really dawning for our little May-flower. The pain and pressure were somewhat relieved. After six months spent horizontally, she could sit up for a little while on the edge of a hard, wooden chair, the only one the house afforded, and so have the rest of a change of position. Cushions, feather pillows, springs, easy reclining chairs, what a heaven below they would have made of that brick platform! But, alas! in a few days something had gone wrong. The plaster-jacket which had cost so many hours of patient labor, was gone. "It got full of vermin," said the plausible old great aunt. "It made her uneasy, and we took it off." The old women are so suspicious of every strange foreign method. With its fearful weight, and its ghastly white cerements, what a body of death a plaster-jacket seems even to us!

In the darkening shadows of the twilight did some old and toothless crone steal in to whisper that it was the way of the crafty foreigner; that so he gained entire mastery of body and soul; that it was a link from the Devil's own chain; that human flesh and blood might never undo it more, nor human body, so bound, escape the fateful magic spell thrown around it. With fingers trembling with fear and excitement, and with great toil by the little glow-worm lamp, and with the family shears,—about as sharp as the family hoe,—was thickness after thickness cut through. With perspiration streaming did they cut the last fold, and set the poor endangered lamb free. They breathed better then,—the whole family,—now that they had broken our evil and wizzard spell, and they slept the sleep of the just, except possibly the little sufferer, who had once more been dropped back into the chasm of pain.

Fortunately for her, her own mother was living; a comely, kindly woman, wholly and unselfishly devoted to her sick darling, waiting on her gently, anticipating her wishes and providing for them, so far as one could who did not hold the purse-strings. But even this brightness had a sable lining darkening a life already somber enough. The very essence of all heathen living and breathing is falsehood. A lie may always be spoken if more convenient than the truth. A Chinese early learns that words, either promises or threats, are mostly traps that have not even the merit of a bit of good honest cheese. Sick people are treated like children, cajoled, coaxed, unceasingly and unblushingly lied to. One of the most pathetic things in little Mei's life was to see the utter incredulity with which she received statements reiterated with emphasis by members of the family one after another. Her hopeless gaze wandered around the circle. Well she knew that there was not one there who could be trusted to tell her the exact truth. How *did* she bear it, my little sick neighbor,—this life which was one quicksand of falsehood and deceit about her, and she so helpless to find out anything for herself? I had thought it hard for any sick child to have a mother with no spiritual resources, no 'Morning Bells' to brighten the days full of weary pain, no 'Little Pillows' to sooth its wearier night; but this other lack went back to the foundation of things. Oh, the utter and abject poverty of this child, who could find, even in her own mother's heart, not one inch of the bed-rock of truth against which to lean her tired soul! It was a worse poverty than having to live without air, without light, without water, the common mercies that even God's dumb creatures may have without stint.

The year in which Mei became eighteen years of age she was sent off one day for a visit to her grandmother, with no suspicion of the cloud gathering about her. That night twin babies came into her home. The two tiny life

sparks just flickered and went out. The mother followed them that night into the shadowy land. Then followed a showy, noisy funeral. Whole bolts of white mourning cloth were tied on the heads of the relatives, as became a bereaved family of such wealth and station. The band played its dreariest, and the mourners wailed their loudest; while the real mourner lay at grandmamma's, all unconscious of her loss. When the god of the soil had been worshiped in melancholy fashion, the firecrackers all let off, the feast devoured, and the relatives gone home, and quiet had settled down, they brought Mei back to her desolate home. She was inconsolable,—stunned with the loss of her one comfort,—she, who had so little to lose. She turned her face to the wall and refused food. The specious great-aunt came forward. *She* could manage Mei. Mei must be a good girl, and eat her food, and not grieve unreasonably. She should be cared for. They would arrange another marriage at once, finding a nice young mother who would be good to her. She thought they would be sure to stumble on some way to cure her yet. Then she would go about gayly with the other girls, have pretty clothes, and go to see theatricals. “Stumble on some way to cure her, grandmother?” How true the word. Oh, the weariness of this everlasting unrest and uncertainty to the weak, bewildered brain! To-day Mei must have faith in the hundred-leaved herb tea. To-morrow she must be a Buddhist. The day after a Taoist; then incantations, incense and vows,—then the heathen sect and its rites.

Oh, boundless ocean! Oh, little lost shallop with no compass, trying to guess the way home! Oh, dove with weak and weary pinion, whose fast-dimming eye nowhere sees the blessed ark! The young stepmother soon came. She did as well as she could; but neither to her, to the grandmother, nor to any of the well-meant exhortations of relative or neighbor, did Mei give any heed, but kept steadily and of set purpose on her road to join her lost treasure. They called in “Medicine Teachers,” and bought native drugs. It was all in vain. Long had we sorrowed and prayed at home with unavailing pity; but we were not allowed to see her, and could only glean the sorrowful items of her story from Chinese friends. At last one day came the old great-aunt with streaming tears, for she really loved the child.

Would we find something nice to eat for her poor darling, who had not tasted food for so long? “Yes, indeed, anything in my house, if you will let me talk to her and pray with her.” She assented. I snatched up some delicacies, and hurried away to the girl. I found her so white, so wasted, so changed! Her mind was perfectly clear, and her speaking eyes followed me as I tried to take her in my own arms of faith and lay her right on the bosom of the Great Shepherd,—his poor, little, bewildered lamb, led by her



false guides ever farther from home. The great-aunt stood silent by with fast-falling tears. Her ways had all been tried. They led nowhere,—the herbs, the incense, the grimy paper kitchen god, and the nights of vigil and costly masses.

But I could not help a mighty hope that the Saviour of the world was there, to help Mei's weakness and her ignorance, to inspire her with the courage to reach out at last her tired arms past all the hollow shams to him; to him, the faithful and true, who would never deceive her nor leave her nor send her away. Thus she left us, and I lost my little neighbor. Shall I find her up yonder some day, a neighbor once more, but radiant with blooming health and immortal youth, sent by the Father on errands of mercy to sick heathen children? God grant it.

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## HELPS FOR LEADERS.

### CONCERNING MISSIONARY BOXES.

THERE have already been given in this department general directions for the preparation of boxes to be sent to mission fields; but so much uncertainty still remains in the minds of many regarding specific needs in definite fields, that it has been thought best to give more space to this subject. The views of missionaries representing the different fields have been called forth, in order that from the best possible authority we might be able to gather a clear idea of real needs. To this end we have aimed to solicit the opinions of two missionaries from each country,—one a married lady, the other unmarried. It will be readily seen that the work of the single ladies would be likely to differ widely from that of the married ladies, and their needs would consequently vary. Moreover, from the differing point of view of two people, it will in some cases be found that articles useful to one worker are not desired by another in the same field. It is our purpose to give in this department, during the next three or four issues, the result of the inquiries made. To those who wish to make practical use of the information thus set forth a few preliminary suggestions will be found valuable. It will be noticed that certain lines of articles are universally in demand, such as sewing and writing materials, basted patchwork, dressed dolls and scrap-books. While some of these can be provided without expense from materials found in every household, others—as pencils, pens, scissors and thimbles—can only be bought. It should be borne in mind that these latter articles should never be supplied at the expense of the work from missionary treasuries. A pathetic appeal comes from our missionaries that their pecuniary supplies may not be lessened by those who would provide them

with boxes. Furthermore, every cost of sending—express to the Congregational House in Boston, freight, insurance and duties from there to the destination—should be fully met by the sender, or out from the scanty resources of the missionary those charges must be defrayed, and the value and charm of the gift greatly lessened. The question at once arises, “How are we to know what these charges are?” An answer may best be given by sketching the method to be pursued from the time the articles are gathered ready for packing. If the box required to hold them is a large wooden one it will go from Boston in just the way it leaves your hands, a separate part of the general shipment. It should therefore be packed by you for the long journey. Line the box first with tarred paper, then pack the articles with reference to compactness and the protection of things breakable. An inventory of the contents should be taken. When the box is mailed, address it to Mr. C. E. Swett. Congregational House [entrance at rear of 8 Park Street], Boston.

Write on the corner the name and station of the missionary for whom it is designed. Send by freight or express prepaid. At the same time write Mr. Swett, telling him you have sent the box, and inclosing the inventory, on which should also be given your valuation of the articles. Be sure to give your full address in the letter to Mr. Swett. Your proportion of the cost of sending the box as a part of the general shipment and for the insurance will then be estimated, and you will be notified. Charges for duties can probably not be met from this end. Therefore a pleasant and important part of sending the box will be to write to the missionary, tell her it is coming, give her some idea of the contents, and ask her to let you know of any charges she has to meet at her end in connection with it. Payment of such expenses can be made through Mr. Wiggin, Treasurer of the American Board.

When selecting articles for the box, bear in mind that your gifts will be of double value to the missionary if you consider in every way the saving of her time. Basted patchwork is just so much material ready to her hand for teaching her scholars to sew; therefore, send it in that form rather than sewed. Christmas, Easter or birthday cards are greatly welcomed, but if the backs are written upon, much precious time must be spent in pasting clean white paper over them. Let this, therefore, be done in this country. It is excellent work for the children’s busy fingers. Pretty advertising cards are prized, but care should be used in the selection. Advertisements of tobacco and liquor are not suitable, and comic pictures are not understood. While following the lists given in subsequent numbers of LIFE AND LIGHT, always bear in mind the obvious conditions in the country to which you



decide to send. For example, do not send to a warm climate things which will melt easily, and do not send heavy boxes to the interior of Africa. In brief, supplement all these lists with your own knowledge and good sense. One thing more,—the missionaries who speak through these lists are only those who, in point of distance, were accessible when the information was desired. In every case they represent a large number of other workers whose needs are the same and equally pressing. Do not flood one or two ladies with boxes, forgetful of those who had no chance to speak from these pages, but aim to distribute such favors over all parts of our missions.

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## Scraps from our Work Basket.

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### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

We are able to report a slight gain, \$149.15, in contributions for the month ending July 18, as compared with last year. This makes the loss in contributions—leaving out of the count the gift of \$3,500 mentioned in our last number—for nine months of the year, \$772.08 less than for the same time in 1899. When we add to this the increase in appropriations, amounting to \$5,577.14, we realize the very great effort that must be made to bring up the sum total in the three remaining months. As we return to our homes from our delightful summer rest and pleasure, let us make it our first duty to do what can be done for the treasury. Let the officers in each auxiliary come together as early in the month as possible to consult as to what effort can be made among its own constituency, and start out for immediate action with faith and courage. Let us not forget the motto of our magazine, “Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.”

**OUR MISSIONARIES.** So many unjust and foolish statements with regard to our missionaries have appeared in the daily press, we wish to give to our readers the following from Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, which recently appeared in the *Boston Transcript*: “It is unfortunate that a few persons who do not believe in missions, seize the opportunity of the disturbances in China to make flings and false charges against the missionaries there. After years of intimate acquaintance with American missionaries in different countries, I can unqualifiedly affirm that, as a class, they are the broadest-trained, most statesmanlike and able body of men and women that represent our country in any capacity abroad. They are the best product of our American colleges and universities. Many of them, through years of resi-

dence and experience in foreign countries, have won for themselves among all worthy classes of all nationalities a wide reputation for wisdom, disinterested devotion and loyalty to the interests of the people and country where they reside. Why have these people left the comfort, safety and pleasures of their American homes to reside amid the discomforts and dangers of the Orient? No reason can be given except the one they give, that they do it in imitation of Jesus Christ, and that they may render service to their fellow-men. This is eminently true in China. \* Colonel Denby, who served there for more than a dozen years as United States minister, than whom no other envoy of this or any other Government has been more highly honored and esteemed, says: 'Believe nobody when he sneers at missionaries. The man is simply not posted on the work.' Such statements from high officials of our own and other Governments might be quoted by the hour. Whoever charges that the American missionaries are in China or any other country for political purposes, or that they countenance or aid lawlessness, utters a falsehood, to support which there is not a particle of evidence. Doctor Hepworth affirms that one missionary in Turkey at the time of the massacres did more to maintain order in the city where he was located than a whole regiment of imperial troops. When the facts are known about China we shall learn that during the present disturbances, as before, the missionaries and their converts have been among the most loyal to the Chinese Government of all residents there. The American Protestant missionaries always teach patriotism and loyalty, industry, honesty and purity, and the success of their teaching has already become a part of the world's history. Whoever denies it makes public confession of his own ignorance."

**AN INTERESTING BOOK.** We wish to call special attention to a unique and attractive book just issued, "Held By His Hand: The Story of Sister Varteni," and we bespeak for it a large reading. It is an unusually interesting book, both from its subject, one of the most remarkable personalities in all our work in Turkey, and its author, a missionary of our Board from its organization, Miss Myra A. Proctor. It should have a place in all Sunday-school and auxiliary libraries, where its perusal would be particularly rewarding. It may be obtained from the Board Rooms, 704 Congregational House, Boston, where all orders will be promptly filled. Price, 40 cents; postage 4 cents additional. Four copies sent to one address for \$1.10, including postage.

**MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.** It is an immense relief to those who have so long been listening for word from our missionaries in Peking, to have the cloud lift at last, if ever so little. A cable received at the American Board

Rooms, saying, "All Peking, Tung-cho [missionaries], also Walkers, Chapins, Smiths, Wyckoff's safe, Peking—wire friends," we believe to have come directly from the missionaries themselves in Peking. At the time of writing, August 4th, the fact that there seems to be every hope of speedy relief from the siege, brings a gratitude too deep for words.

**THE ARRIVAL OF THE CORN SHIP QUITO.** Under date of Bombay, June 29, 1900, Mrs. Winsor writes: "On Wednesday morning, June 27th, there was at Prince's Dock a most delightful reception of your relief for the sufferers of India's famine. Mr. Winsor, acting for the New York *Christian Herald*, introduced Captain Baird, and made over the cargo to the Relief Committee appointed by Dr. Klopsch when he was in Bombay. Dr. Pollen, a very popular government official, was chairman of the occasion. Exercises were held in the sheds right in front of the corn which was piled up so grandly there. The Quito was just in front of the audience. The Viceroy had telegraphed his desire to have this reception, and that a suitable notice of the great gift should be taken immediately on the arrival of the corn ship from the New York *Christian Herald*. H. E. Lord Northcote was represented by the Hon. Chief Justice Candy, who read a telegram from the governor, and also made an address, which was heartily applauded. As representative of the *Christian Herald*, Mr. Winsor then introduced the captain of the Quito, and gave over the cargo to the Committee. Addresses were also made by Rev. E. F. Frease, secretary and treasurer of the Committee, Dr. Pollen, Rev. S. V. Karmarkar, Hon. Mr. Chandavakar and Mr. Winsor. A native gentleman had brought flowers, which were garlanded to those present—sometimes with cheers. When I received mine I did so on behalf of all the ladies and children who have so earnestly labored in gathering all this relief; especially, also, in behalf of the ladies at your Rooms. God bless Dr. Klopsch and the constituents of the New York *Christian Herald*. Yes, and God bless all who have had a part or lot in this matter."

**FAREWELL MEETING.** An interesting and impressive farewell service was held in Pilgrim Hall, Thursday afternoon, August 2d,—the immediate occasion of which was the sailing on Saturday, August 4, by steamer "Ivernia," of twelve missionaries for their fields in Turkey, India and Africa. The large audience, completely filling Pilgrim Hall, bore witness to the deep interest felt during these August days in all that concerns our missionary interests. The outgoing missionaries, with others who sail at different dates in the near future, and the detained, yet ready and hopeful contingent for the Foochow Mission, were grouped upon the platform, and responded briefly as they were presented by Secretaries Barton and Smith.

Those who sail on Saturday are Mrs. Henry S. Barnum, returning to Constantinople, after a few weeks in this country; Rev. Chas. T. Riggs and his bride (*née* Miss Mary Steele, a niece of Mrs. Barnum), and Miss Mary Isabel Ward, daughter of Langdon Ward, so long Treasurer of the American Board,—to take up work in Marsoven. Miss Ward will teach in the Girls' School, and has already been adopted by the Hampshire Co. Branch. Miss Mary M. Haskell, of the W. B. M. I., returning to Samokov, and Miss Isabelle Trowbridge, granddaughter of the venerable Dr. Riggs of Constantinople, complete the list of those who will join the missions in Turkey at this time. Miss Trowbridge goes to Aintab to assist Miss Foreman in the Girls' Boarding School, after a short stay with her mother in Constantinople. She has recently been graduated from Vassar, and has been adopted by the Woman's Board. For India, "land of suffering and of promise," Rev. J. E. Abbott and his sister, Miss Anstice Abbott, returning to Bombay, spoke hopeful and stirring words, while Dr. George W. Harding and his wife, daughter of Rev. Mark Williams of Kalgan, after fourteen years of separation from their native countries of India and China, go out to join the Marathi Mission. Dr. Wellman, who went first to West Central Africa in 1896, returning with his wife, after a brief term of service because of broken health, goes out a second time with even greater joy, "because he knows what the work is,"—although Mrs. Wellman must remain a little longer in this country. One noticeable fact in regard to this little company of missionaries is, that nearly all are missionary children, and several represent the third generation of missionary service; to them it is not "foreign" missions, but a home-going, with eager anticipation of happy reunions and joyful service, or if, as one said, "it is black around us, we look up,—nothing can sever communication with God except sin." A picturesque feature was the introduction of Monorama, the daughter of Pundita Ramabai, who goes out in company with these missionaries. She says she does not "expect to be a foreign missionary, but hopes to spend her life in working for home missions in India!"

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#### EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS EMILY HARTWELL, FOOCHOW, CHINA.

At last the storm that has been lowering so long over this unfortunate empire, has come upon the capital in its fury. We in Foochow are far removed from its center, but one never knows what a day may bring forth, especially when we face a general war against foreigners. We are glad that the one Foochow Manchu who figures so prominently, Jung Lu, by



name, does not favor the Boxers; and as the Chinese in this province are comparatively favorable to foreigners, we do not feel any immediate fear of serious trouble here; but if a general war ensues, which seems inevitable, we cannot foretell the consequences. We feel that we have a great deal to be thankful for that our work is closed for the summer, and we can pack our things and prepare for emergencies. By the time we come back to the city, there will probably have been time to see how affairs will turn. One thing has been apparent for a long time,—that no progress could be possible as long as the Empress Dowager remained in power, and there seems to be no hope that the Chinese can do anything themselves since the unsuccessful attempt made by the Emperor. We feel that this was inevitable, and we are thankful it has come at a time to hinder our work as little as possible.

Miss Frances B. Patterson writes from Tientsin, under date of June 5-7, 1900:—

We hear that the Boxers have been defeated in a battle near Pao-ting-fu, and hope it is true. If true, our friends there are safe for the present, but the rumors are dreadful. It is impossible to know what to believe. There are 800 foreign soldiers here now, about 150 Americans and 400 more Americans on the way. They are all needed, and more. The Chinese troops cannot be trusted. Many of them are in league with the Boxers, and say they will kill the foreigners if the Boxers do not. . . .

We are turned into a military camp at present, with 56 American marines quartered in the empty Aiken house, and as many more in the Temperance Hall near by. We have a big cannon, too, that is quite imposing. The men are very quiet and well-behaved, and we are so relieved to have them here. Our compound is filled with refugees from outstations, where the Boxers have burned the chapels and looted and destroyed the property of Christians. They are mostly from the Hu Chia Yeng and Hsin Hsien fields, but the Ching-Hai people may come at any time, as there has been a terrible massacre of Catholic Christians very near there. Our people always seem to have friends who can warn them in time to escape with their lives, but they suffer the loss of all their earthly goods. . . . It has just begun to rain hard. If it keeps up many idle people can get their seed in, and it may prevent famine. It is raining so hard that Captain McCalla and his horse are under our gateway trying to keep dry. In the midst of all this turmoil it is good to *know* that our God reigneth, and that he can make even the wrath of man to praise him.

Yours in His glad service.

FROM MRS. E. S. HUME, BOMBAY.

One day as Mr. Hume and I drove out of our gate and were about to cross the road, a fair, graceful, tall woman started to cross the street. The driver called out and stopped her. Up came one of four men, and raising his heavy fist (he was a large, strong man) he dealt this poor creature a terrible blow on the side of her head. Mr. Hume was out of the carriage in an instant and tried in vain to find a policeman to whom he could report the man, and told him how wicked and terrible such a deed was. "But," he said, "she is my wife! What need had she to cross when a carriage was coming?" She, poor woman, had staggered, then silently gone to the side of the road and stood holding on to the iron rails of a fence, until she could recover herself. I shall never forget her face; patient, fair, enduring, appealing. No policeman nor court of justice grants protection or redress, unless bones are broken, weapons of steel are used, or she has been murdered. "What can you do? It was his own wife!" is the one response.

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## Our Work at Home.

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HOW WE DOUBLED OUR MEMBERSHIP.

BY MRS. W. R. EDGERTON.

MISSIONARY societies, in common with all other living organisms, whether individual or collective, are subject to the laws of growth and development. "First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear," is the universal law of growth, and the person or the society that attempts to place the ear before the blade, or to thrust in the sickle before the harvest is ripe, is sure to suffer much perplexity and disappointment in consequence. As an example of the consequences of premature reaping, you will readily recall the case of a famous minister of the gospel who, having become weary of waiting for the coming of the millennial time, when "Holiness unto the Lord shall be written upon the bells of the horses," and upon the newspapers as well, conceived the Utopian idea of cleansing the secular press and publishing an ideal Christian newspaper before the world was ready for it. The buzzing and stinging of the hornet's nest of critics who quickly assailed him must have convinced him that the time was still in the future when there would be much demand for such a newspaper as Jesus would publish, and he wisely returned to his occupation of seed-sowing and patient waiting for results.



While it is true that a missionary society must conform to the laws of growth; while there must be a time of preparation for the work; a period of careful planning and experimenting in order to ascertain the best methods of work for the particular church to which the society belongs, and perhaps years of patient and persistent effort, before any very encouraging results will appear,—yet the glad harvest time is sure to come if the society, or even a faithful few in the society, are filled with enthusiasm, and are willing to do the arduous work required. The growth of a society is often checked, or hindered, by the indifference or neglect of those who should become its members; and when at length the opposition and indifference have all been overcome and the reaping time arrives, there may not be a force sufficient for the toilsome work of bringing in the sheaves, for, alas, it is true of many churches, as it is of mission fields, that “The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.” There are many in the churches who have been standing idle until the eleventh hour, because no man has called them to the work; and the work of calling and enlisting the idle ones, and persuading them to do their part in the great work of evangelizing the world, is no small or easy task.

While it may be true that every member of a church should also be a member of its missionary society, it is certain that a great amount of work is necessary in order to bring the average church into such an ideal condition.

In the manner of its growth and development the South Church auxiliary has been no exception to the general rule. It was organized in 1875, twenty-five years after the organization of the church. The church had been burdened with such an enormous amount of home work,—including the building of two new churches, the first one having been burned as soon as it was completed,—that there seem to have been sufficient reasons for neglect of the foreign work for the first twenty-five years. In 1875 the time was ripe for the organization of the new missionary society, and it started on its career full-fledged, with a membership roll of forty names. It was a very precocious infant, but in two years, for reasons which do not appear in the early records of the society, the membership was reduced to twenty. Probably there had been a sifting process going on, caused by the usual routine of missionary meetings with a small attendance, and the very practical and unromantic work of raising funds for the new society. The normal growth of the society in membership commenced in 1878, and for several years there was a steady increase, new members being added every year. At length, in 1895, the number reached forty-one, but never since until this year has it quite attained to that number.

For several years previous to 1895 the funds were raised by personal solici-

itation and voluntary contributions. Collectors were appointed to canvass their respective districts, and for several years they did their work faithfully, but evidently the time had not fully come when such personal work could be done very successfully, and at length the work became too arduous for the few who were able and willing to do it. In 1894 the executive committee decided that the soliciting should all be done by the secretary, and she was directed to "send by mail a package of monthly envelopes, a printed explanatory note and a missionary leaflet to every woman in the church who, it was thought, would be willing to receive them." For several years envelopes, leaflets, printed appeals and mite boxes were sent to nearly all the ladies of the church, and they were the means of bringing a fair amount of money into the treasury, and they doubtless served to prepare the way for the harvest time that was not far in the future. But still the secret of success was only partly learned. When Jesus organized the first missionary society he did not send written invitations to the disciples whom he had chosen for the work, but he personally called them, and kept them within the sphere of his influence until they were fitted for the service. A message received from the lips of another might not have been heeded, but the disciples could not resist the call when in the presence of the commanding, soul-winning Jesus.

At length the officers of the missionary society became convinced that it was only by personal work that the women of the church who were still indifferent, or only half in earnest in the work, could be enlisted for active service. But how could this be accomplished?

It happened that on a certain night not long before the last annual meeting, while the secretary was waiting in vain for the approach of "Nature's sweet restorer," a plan was evolved in her busy brain by which all the ladies in the church could be reached, and the work could be thoroughly done. The plan was as follows: The city was to be divided into sections; two or three ladies were to be appointed to have charge of each section, and the duties of these ladies would be to call on all the ladies in their respective sections as soon as possible after the annual meeting of the society; to invite all who were not members to join the society, and to ask all who declined to join to contribute through the envelopes or mite boxes. Once during the year the ladies who had charge of each section were to have charge of the programme of one of our monthly meetings, and were to ask all the ladies in their section who could attend the meeting to take part in the programme.

The plan of the secretary was approved by the executive committee, and the visitors for each section were appointed. At the January meeting the visitors of each section were presented, by the secretary, with an outfit consisting of a book containing the names and addresses of all the ladies in their

section, packages of envelopes, mite boxes, and sample copies of LIFE AND LIGHT and the *Berkshire Evangel*, for obtaining new subscribers. One lady said she was afraid she would be taken for an agent, but she meant to look very innocent. Judging from her success and that of her assistant in obtaining new members in their section, they must have been so persuasive and winning in their ways that they met with a reception wherever they called that would make the lot of an agent a happy one.

At the first regular meeting of the auxiliary under the new *régime*, held in February, twenty-one ladies took part in the programme, and the attendance was the largest ever known at one of our regular meetings. The work of the visitors has been thoroughly done, and as a result of their labors we are able to report that we have more than doubled our membership, forty-two new members having been added to the society during the past five months, besides a large number who will contribute through the envelopes and mite boxes during the year. Seventeen new subscribers, on trial, for LIFE AND LIGHT were obtained, and the same number of new subscribers for the *Berkshire Evangel*, and our meetings, in interest and attendance, have rivaled the meetings of the Fortnightly Club, which is saying much for the missionary society.—*Berkshire Evangel*.

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#### OUR BOOK TABLE.

*Forty Years in South China: The Life of Rev. John Van Nest Talmage, D.D.* By Rev. John Gerardus Fogg, Missionary of the American Reformed (Dutch) Church, at Amoy, China. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, New York. Pp. 292.

Everything in regard to China is now read with unusual interest, and the chapters in this book telling of the "Little Knife" Insurrection, and how the Chinese fight, and "The Anti-Missionary Agitation," are quite up to date, although this volume appeared in 1894. The Introduction to this Life of his brother by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., is written in his sparkling and unique style. He is full of affection and admiration for this missionary brother, and calls him "the hero of our family." When a young boy in the Sabbath school he read the "Life of Henry Martyn," and when he laid the book down he said, "Mother, when I grow up I am going to be a missionary!"

He was not a Christian at that time, and very little attention was paid to his remark; but he reminded his mother of that early speech when, years after, he began to study for the ministry, and said, "I am going to keep my

promise." Doctor Talmage speaks of his brother as having great powers of silence in regard to his own work, but, he adds, "the story has been gloriously told in the heavens by those who, through his instrumentality, have already reached the City of Raptures."

For more than forty years he was connected with the mission at Amoy, China, of the Dutch Reformed Church of America.

The biographer, Rev. Mr. Fogg, tries as far as possible to make the memoir an autobiography, drawing the narrative from the journals and letters of the missionary. There are many passages in this book which show that the present virulent outbreak against foreigners has been of long growth, and is very widespread. In contrast to this we can also see the depth of affection and devotion the native Christians have for their spiritual teachers.

*Jinrikisha Days in Japan.* By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Harper & Brothers, Publishers. Pp. 375.

Unique Japanese binding, numerous illustrations and the charming literary style of Miss Scidmore make this description of life in Japan attractive reading for a summer holiday. There is no distinctively missionary flavor to the book.

Miss Scidmore was a fellow-passenger with me on the Atlantic in 1878, and in 1895 I met her mother in Yokohama, where her brother has some official position. One of her mottoes on the title page is from St. Francis Xavier, and gives a hint as to her mental attitude toward the Japanese. "I cannot help praising these Japanese. They are truly the delight of my heart." In the Preface the author says, "This unassuming chronicle is the outcome of two visits, covering nearly three years' stay in the Island Empire; a period during which a continued residence was maintained, by turns, in each of the larger ports, while many weeks were spent in Kioto, Nara and Nikko."

*Fairy Tales from Far Japan.* Translated from the Japanese by Susan Ballard, of the St. Hilda Mission, Tokyo. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 127. Price, 75 cents.

In a prefatory note Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop speaks in high praise of the service Miss Ballard has done for readers at home "in placing within their reach a few of the most popular specimens of Japanese fairy lore, showing the sort of pabulum on which Japanese children are reared." The book contains forty-seven engravings from Japanese originals, and it has a most interesting opening chapter entitled "For My Grown-up Readers." While both Buddhism and Shintoism teach the immortality of the soul, Miss Ballard gives the results of questioning of 118 children about thirteen years old as to



whether the soul lives after death. She says, "Eighty-one believed that 'death ends all'; twelve could not answer; twenty-five thought the soul did live after death."

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## SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

### CHINA.

NATURALLY this, of all our mission fields, absorbs attention just now. Scarcely a magazine or paper is without an article bearing more or less directly upon the interests of Christ's kingdom in that empire. Of these we select a few for suggestion:—

*Outlook*, July 28. "The Situation in China" is considered under two heads,—“China and the United States,” and “China and Russia.” The former, by Henry Loomis Nelson, is an American's view; the latter, by Nathan M. Babad, M.D., a Russian's view.

*Atlantic Monthly*, August. "Our Rights in China," by Mark B. Dunnell. A bit of past history is given in the August *Forum*, by Chas. Denby, as to "How Peace Was Made Between China and Japan."

*North American Review*, July. "Mutual Helpfulness Between China and the United States," by the Chinese Minister, Wu Ting-Fang. In same, "Missions and Missionaries in China," by Poultney Bigelow.

*Contemporary Review*, July. "The Scramble for China," by D. C. Boulger; "The Crisis in China," by Arthur Somerby.

*Review of Reviews*, August. "The Chinese Revolution," by Stephen Bonsal.

### AFRICA.

*North American Review*, July. Two discussions upon South African Prospects, "The Settlement After the War," and "The Ultimate Triumph of the Boers."

### GENERAL.

*Homiletic Review*, August. "The Outlook of Christianity at the Close of the Century," by H. K. Carroll, D.D., LL.D.

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## ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Old South Church, Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 7 and 8, 1900. A meeting specially for delegates will be held in the chapel of the church on Tuesday, November 6th.

The ladies of Boston and vicinity will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names before October 6th to Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, 704 Congregational House, Boston, Chairman of the Committee on Hospitality. For delegates and others who may desire to secure board, suitable places, at reasonable rates, will be recommended on application to the above address. It is earnestly requested that if any ladies who send their names decide not to attend the meeting, the Committee be promptly notified.

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TOPICS FOR AUXILLARY MEETINGS.

1900.

*September.*—The Transformation of the Sandwich Islands. See LIFE AND LIGHT for August.

*October.*—From Darkness to Dawn in Africa. An Unknown Land; Entrance of Christian Civilization; Its New Life.

*November.*—Thank-offering Meeting. The Century's Appeal to Christian Women.

*December.*—Marked Events in Mission Lands during the Year 1900.

1901.

*January.*—Philanthropic Work in Missions. Evangelistic. For Victims of Famine and Pestilence; For Lepers and other Special Classes

*February.*—Philanthropic Work in Missions. Educational. For Widows; For Orphans; For the Blind.

*March.*—The Power of Individual Effort in Foreign Missions. Of the Missionary; Of the Native Helper; Of the Home Worker.

*April.*—The Missionary Meeting. Our Ideal: How to Attain it.

*May.*—Young People's Work. Student Volunteers; Christian Endeavor Societies; Junior Organizations of the Board.

*June.*—Buddhism. The Life of Buddha; His Teachings: Present Results.

*July.*—Confucius. His Philosophy; Ancestral Worship.

*August.*—Mohammedanism. Its Inception; Growth; Present Power.

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FROM DARKNESS TO DAWN IN AFRICA.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

For this topic we suggest three divisions: 1. An Unknown Land. 2. Entrance of Christian Civilization. 3. Its New Life.

To take up these divisions maps are almost indispensable. We suggest that the one given in LIFE AND LIGHT for September, 1897, of Africa as it existed in 1864, be taken first, so large a part of the Continent then being "An Unknown Land." 1. Describe conditions at that time, which were much the same as those at the present time, where neither civilization nor Christianity has had any influence. See *Missionary Herald* for May, June and July, 1880, and LIFE AND LIGHT for February and November, 1889, February, 1891, January, 1894. 2. For Entrance of Christian Civilization. Brief Sketches

of Livingstone and Stanley, see *LIFE AND LIGHT* for January, 1898; of Moffat, *Monthly Leaflet* for September, 1895; Harrington, same for January, 1898; Mackay, *LIFE AND LIGHT* for January, 1898, also, "Bartlett's Sketch of the American Board Missions" (price 6 cents); *LIFE AND LIGHT* for August, 1895, August, 1897, February, 1898. 3. For Africa's New Life. Secure the latest map of Africa that can be obtained having the recent divisions of the country. One in *LIFE AND LIGHT* for December, 1897, with Mr. Noble's description in the same number, would answer the purpose if a later one cannot be secured. Trace on the map the political divisions as given in Mr. Noble's article, and the mission work as given by Mrs. Means, on page 397 of this number. A map giving our own mission stations would be a good addition. For the new life for woman, *LIFE AND LIGHT* for March and August, 1895, June and August, 1897, March, 1898.

For material send to Miss A. R. Hartshorn, 704 Congregational House, Boston.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

*Receipts from June 18, 1900, to July 18, 1900.*

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

### MAINE.

<i>Fort Fairfield.</i> —Jr. C. E. Soc.,	3 55
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas. Bangor, Aux., 157; East Madison, Mrs. Eva N. Deane, 3; Ellsworth, S. S., Mrs. George P. Dutton, 2.48; Greenville, W. M. Meeting, 1; Orland, W. M. Meeting, 2; Skowhegan, Aux., Mrs. L. W. Weston, 11, Somerset Co. Conf., 1.20,	177 68
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Biddeford, Second Cong. Ch., L. M. Soc., 20; Freeport, W. M. U., 5; Gorham, Aux., 19.75; Portland, Friends, 13, High St. Ch., Aux., 3.25, Second Parish Ch., Aux., 14, State St. Ch., Cov. Dau., 35.47, Williston Ch., Aux., 10.93, E. A. K., 3; Saco, Aux., 15,	140 40
<b>Total,</b>	321 63

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

M. E. P.,	3 81
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Allen L. French, Treas. Bath, A friend, 3; Centre Harbor, Aux., 5.53; Cornish, 30 cts.; Exeter, Aux., 37; Hampton, Aux., 37.50; Keene, First Cong. Ch., Light Bearers M. C., 25; Lebanon, West, Aux., 19.50; Lempster, 52 cts.; Manchester, South Main St. Ch., Aux., 39 89; Milford, Y. L. Soc., Heralds of the King, 23; Nashua, Aux., 37.82, First Ch., Prim. S. S. Class, 2; Nelson, Aux., 2.40, Y. L. Soc., Willing Workers, 2; Orford, Boys' and Girls' Army, 2.56; Piermont, Homeland Circle, 7.50; Tilton and Northfield, Aux., 44.73; Webster, Alfred Little Gleaners, M. C., 3.68,	293 93
<b>Total,</b>	297 74

### VERMONT.

<i>Newport.</i> —Aux.,	12 25
<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Bakersfield, Y. L. M. B., 6.20; Bellows Falls, C. E. Soc., 5; Bennington, North, C. E. Soc., 5; Brattleboro, West, Aux., 14.78; Cambridge, Aux., 10; Hartford, Aux., 18.45; Randolph, Aux., 10, A friend, 3, Ways and Means Soc., 10; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., 13.51, Prim. Class, S. S., 1.80; Woodstock, Aux. (const. L. M. Miss Augusta P. Vaughn), 25. Less expenses, 6.50,	116 24
<b>Total,</b>	128 49

### MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Dimsom, Treas. Andover, Abbott Academy, 41.50; Lawrence, Trinity Ch., 22.88, Cradle Roll, 5.36; Lowell, First Ch., Aux., 57; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Miss Sarah J. Blanchard), 45; Winchester, Aux. (of wh. 25 by Mrs. M. A. Herrick const. L. M. Miss Maria A. Keyes), 120,	291 74
<i>Barnstable Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Hatchville, Aux.,	5 00
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas. Lynn, Chestnut St. Ch., Aux., 3.65; Salem, South Ch., Y. L. Aux., 15,	18 65
<i>Franklin Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Bernardston, 5.25; Shelburne, C. E. Soc., 14.50, S. S., 16.70,	36 45
<i>Hatfield.</i> —Miss Laura B. Chamberlain,	37 00
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 9.68; Enfield, Aux., 13.65; Hatfield, Aux., 17.78; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., Mrs. Sanderson, 20, Gordon Hall Band, 4.50; Worthington, Aux., Mrs. F. D. Hubbard, 7,	72 61

<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Maynard, Lucy A. Maynard, 20; Milford, Aux., 20; Wellesley, Aux., 100; Wellesley College Christian Ass'n, 95,	235 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Abington, Aux., 2.40; Braintree, Aux., 10; Brockton, Aux. (const. L. M. Mrs. Mary B. Bickford), 25; South Ch., Aux., 55; Kingston, Aux., 11.42; Milton, East, Aux., 7.50; Rockland, Aux., 36.29; South Weymouth, Old South Ch., Aux., 5,	152 41
<i>No. Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas. Westford, Union Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc.,	25 00
<i>Salem.</i> —A friend,	17 00
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Chicopee, Third Ch., Aux., 15.75; Mitineague, Aux., 50; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 40, South Ch., 100, Aux., 55,	260 75
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Auburndale, Aux., 25.75, Jr. C. E. Soc., 80 cts; Boston, Mrs. Chase, 5, Four friends, 35, Central Ch., Aux., 277, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 30, S. E. T., 100, Jr. Aux., 30, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 328.45; Brighton, Aux., 165.11; Cambridge, First Ch., Margaret Shepard Soc, 15, E. C. D. Band, 35, Captains of Ten, 5, Pilgrim Ch., Y. L. Aux., Cradle Roll, 9.56, Prospect St. Ch., Aux., 34.71, Cradle Roll, 22.73, C. E. Soc, 10; Chelsea, Central Ch., A friend, 5, Third Ch., Floral Circle, 10, Cradle Roll, 13.40; Dorchester, Mrs. S. W. Nichols, 2, Pilgrim Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 70 cts., Everett, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 21.85; Franklin, Aux., 25; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 123.71; Neponset, Stone Aux., 7; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux., 220; Newton Centre, Aux., 52.42; Newtonville, Aux., 165, Cradle Roll, 32.68; Norwood, Aux., 18.75, M. C., 5, King's Dau., 5; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 28, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 31; Somerville, Winter Hill Cong. Ch., Aux., 25, Cradle Roll, 7.48; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., 87; Walpole, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; Waltham, Nellie M. Foster, 1.50, A friend, 2, Aux., 34.91, Cradle Roll, 15.00; West Roxbury, Helping Hands, 30, Cradle Roll, 21.25,	2,129 85
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Martha D. Tucker, Treas. Clinton, Aux., 75; Grafton, E. C. D. Band, 17.08; Leicester, C. E. Soc., 11; Princeton, Aux., 16.50; Southbridge, Aux., 7.90; Ware, Aux., 188.20, Jr. C. E. Soc., 15; Warren, Aux., 21; Westboro, Aux., 23.80; Whitinsville, Aux., 698.20; Worcester, Old South Ch., Aux., 78.56, Piedmont Ch., Aux., 93.75, Cradle Roll, 2.75, M. B., 12, Pilgrim Ch., W. M. Soc., 30.50, Little Light Bearers, 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10,	1,311 24
<b>Total,</b>	<b>4,592 90</b>

## LEGACIES.

<i>Newton.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Lucinda K. Cutting, Ella G. Cutting and S. Welles Holmes, Exrs.,	1,000 00
<i>Reading.</i> —Legacy of Ophelia Wakefield, Clumena Wakefield, Ex'trix,	200 00
<i>Townsend.</i> —Legacy of Miss Ruth Spaulding, Walter J. Ball, Exr.,	200 00

## CONNECTICUT.

<i>Hartford.</i> —Mrs. A. B. Goodrich,	5 00
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 15.11; Buckingham, Aux., 12.50; Burnside, Aux., 14.50; Farmington, Aux., 25, Miss Vorce's S. S. Class, 11.30; Hartford, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 13.45, C. E. Soc., 5; Plainville, Cradle Roll, 2; West Hartford, Cradle Roll (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Miss Emma Louise V. Day), 25.75,	124 61
<i>Mapleton.</i> —Mrs. J. R. Henshaw,	1 00
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Ansonia, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2, Bethel, Y. L., 15; Bridgewater, Cradle Roll, 40 cts.; Clintonville, C. E. Soc., 5; Danbury, Second Ch., Cradle Roll, 33.12; Deep River, Aux., 2; East Haddam, G. W., 3.33; Easthampton, M. C., 2.24, Cradle Roll, 3.56; Greenwich, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 10; Harwinton, C. E. Soc., 4.36; Meriden, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 15; Naugatuck, A. S. M. C., 12, Young folks, 5; New Hartford, C. E. Soc., 5; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 648.61, Y. L., 25, Jr. M. C., 86, Davenport Ch., Cradle Roll, 6, Dwight Pl. Ch., C. E. Soc., 25, English Hall, Aux., 5; Fairhaven, Second Ch., Aux., 46.14, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., 80 cts., Helpers, 12, Cradle Roll, 10.50, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 3.50, United Ch., Aux., 2.47, Y. L., 60, C. E. Soc., 100, 1,149 03	30 00
<i>Westville.</i> —A. Ogden,	
<b>Total,</b>	<b>1,309 64</b>

## NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas. Bedford, Park Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Brooklyn, Park Ch., Aux., 7; Buffalo, Niagara Sq. Ch., Aux., 9, Plymouth Chapel, Aux., 3; Deansboro, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Elmira, Aux., 20; Gloversville, Blue Bells, 80 cts.; Java Village, L. A. Soc., 20; Sherburne, Aux. (const. L. M.'s Mrs. William Miller, Miss Mary B. Willey), 50; Sumner Hill, Aux., 7. Less expenses, 31.75,	92 05
<b>Total,</b>	<b>92 05</b>

## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. Pa., Philadelphia, Germantown, First Cong. Ch., S. S.,	13 61
<b>Total,</b>	<b>13 61</b>

## NORTH CAROLINA.

<i>Wilmington.</i> —Christ Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 5.50, Prim. S. S., 50 cts.,	6 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>6 00</b>

## TURKEY.

<i>Aintab.</i> —Girls in boarding school and others, 14.08; West Harpoot, W. M. Soc., 9.64,	23 72
<b>Total,</b>	<b>23 72</b>
General Funds,	6,083 06
Gifts for Special Objects,	702 72
Variety Account,	75 78
Legacies,	1,400 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$8,261 56</b>





*President.*

MRS. H. E. JEWETT,  
2511 Benvenue Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

*Treasurer.*

Mrs. S. M. DODGE,  
1275 Sixth Ave., Oakland, Cal.

*Home Secretaries.*

MRS. C. B. BRADLEY,  
2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

MRS. W. J. WILCOX,  
576 East 14th Street, Oakland, Cal.

*Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.*

Miss GRACE GOODHUE, 1722 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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QUARTERLY MEETING.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific was held morning and afternoon of Wednesday, June 6th, in the First Church, Oakland. The morning session was opened by the singing of the hymn, "Jesus Shall Reign," etc., followed by the second chapter of Ephesians, read by the President, Mrs. Jewett, who also made a few remarks, in which she spoke of the great missionary meetings so recently held in New York. She said that while we were not so many in numbers as the throng which gathered in New York, yet we were in sympathy with the objects of the meetings, and so were part of the Ecumenical Conference. Great interest was manifested during the meetings for the women there. There were four hundred missionaries present at the council.

The report of the last meeting was read by Mrs. Bufford, the Recording Secretary, followed by the Treasurer's report, during which Mrs. Dodge showed that an increase had been made during the time past in the financial condition of the Board.

Mrs. Bradley read a letter from Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, of Pang-Chuang, telling of the trouble caused by the "Boxers," who threatened to kill the missionaries. The native Christians endured great persecution, and manifested much sweetness of disposition toward their enemies. Mrs. Jewett asked for several short prayers for the missionaries and people of China.

Mrs. Bufford read a short paper on the "Ireland Home for Kraal Girls," written by Mrs. Foster, in which a short history of the building was given,

showing how it came to be used for the Home, and telling of the bad condition in which it now is, and the necessity of a new building to take its place.

Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter sang a beautiful solo at this point, whose ever-recurring refrain was, "O Lord, correct me."

Mrs. Jewett announced that Miss Talcott was about that moment sailing away on her return to her loved work in Japan, although she was not as strong as we wished she were. While she was going to Japan another had just come from there, for a rest and change of work, who would tell us a little of her work. With this she introduced Miss Denton, of Kyoto, Japan.

Miss Denton said she was happy to be here, meeting so many friends, but she was sorry to be away from her work in Japan. The Board of the Pacific meant a great deal to her; she is very thankful to it for sending her out. She has not had a hard time at all, but a beautiful, easy time. While Miss Talcott's friends were absent, seeing her off, Miss Denton wished to tell us a little of what a wonderful woman Miss Talcott is. She is a blessed inspiration to Japan. She has the language well, and has a great influence for good over the people. We should all thank God for Miss Talcott. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and Miss Benedict have just arrived from Japan, and are now in Berkeley for a few days. Mrs. Curtis, although confined to her bed for the past four years, has been a power for good, writing letters and sending messages to the schools. When Miss Denton went to Japan she was destined to the girls' school connected with the Doshisha. But she was needed to teach English in the boys' department, which she did, by way of "recreation," after her work in the girls' school. Miss Denton gave an account of one day's routine in the school, beginning with half-past five o'clock, the hour for rising. They begin the day with a few moments for devotion; then breakfast, which consists of rice, pickles, soup, with one or two small fish in it. A treat for Sundays and holidays consists of beancake or oranges. The girls are very good. They can be trusted, and seem conscientious and self-denying. Every Japanese Christian becomes an evangelist. Many Japanese are turning to agnosticism.

Mrs. Jewett then spoke of the Twentieth Century Fund. A call has been issued by the Board of the Interior to the women all over the land to give twenty thousand dollars, over and above all regular appropriations, to be used in making up the deficiencies caused by the hard times. There are many instances of sore need on the part of missionaries, which could not be relieved, such as lack of suitable buildings, lack of new missionaries, etc. Now that affairs are easier, shall we not try to do our part in relieving these

necessities? Could we not try to raise two thousand dollars on this Coast, to be raised by twenties? There were several responses to this appeal, different ladies expressing their willingness to be responsible for one or more twenties.

Mrs. Wheat, President of the Young Ladies' Branch, in a very pleasant way, brought greetings from the Branch and gave the report. She wished that the older women would encourage the younger ones by sometimes coming into their meetings and speaking cheering words to them. They pledged nine hundred dollars last year, and are going to raise it, if possible.

Mrs. J. H. Williams, of Redlands, brought greetings from the Southern Branch. She said, as a Branch, they had been in existence ten years. They formerly contributed only for Japan, but now have increased their subscriptions to other places. Last year they raised five hundred and twenty-five dollars beyond their pledges. They have eleven Cradle Roll Bands of children under nine years, under the leadership of Mrs. Pease, formerly of Micronesia.

There being apparently no one present from the North, greetings from Washington and Oregon were given by Miss Denton, who spent the month of May there. She said they were alive and doing well, and had treated her with great cordiality.

Lunch was served in the parlors by the ladies of the church at fifteen cents a plate, the proceeds to go into the missionary treasury of the church.

The half hour of devotion after lunch was presided over by Mrs. Williams, of Redlands. The hymn, "Oh, Spirit of the Living God!" was sung, and Mrs. Williams made a few remarks on Matt. ix. 35. This period closed with a number of informal prayers, when Mrs. Jewett again took the chair, and invited Rev. C. R. Brown to address the audience. Mr. Brown said he would like to speak of three things: First, that international responsibility is growing, every one being responsible for another. The Jews lived in a small place, but to them was the command given, "Go ye and disciple all nations." Second, foreign missionary work gains standing everywhere. Christian work does more than any army to keep order and peace. And, thirdly, the same is taking place abroad as here. The day of picturesqueness is gone by; intelligence is now required. There is a great difference between the kind of meetings held years ago and those of the present day.

Miss Denton then told about some Japanese girls, one in special, who obtained a medical education in this country. First, she became a nurse; then finding she could not approve of the orders given by physicians in Japan, returned here and qualified herself to practice medicine. Miss Denton thinks the Lord is pushing the Japanese over here that they may become converted.

Miss Benedict, just from Japan, gave greetings from Kobe College, where she has been teaching. She gave an interesting account of a big prayer-meeting of two hundred and sixty Japanese women, which she attended just before leaving.

A beautiful solo by Miss Hathaway followed. The clearness of enunciation in both of the solos of the day, added greatly to the pleasure of listening to the singing.



Dr. L. R. Scudder of the Arcott Mission in India was then introduced. The Arcott Mission belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church, but its members are very good friends with the Madura Mission. Doctor Scudder discussed the relations between missions and money, showing how decidedly missions are dependent on money for their successful prosecution. He inquired what money means in connection with missions, and answered it by saying that it means ourselves, our power and energy. Missions require money, and are always wanting more. Doctor Scudder told of a teacher in New York who gave sixty dollars to the Arcott Mission; and eloquently described the good accomplished by that gift, and how it kept on reacting on one and another.

The Rev. W. Scudder offered prayer for missions, and the meeting closed with the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and the benediction, pronounced by Doctor Scudder. And so ended a most interesting and profitable meeting.

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## JAPAN.

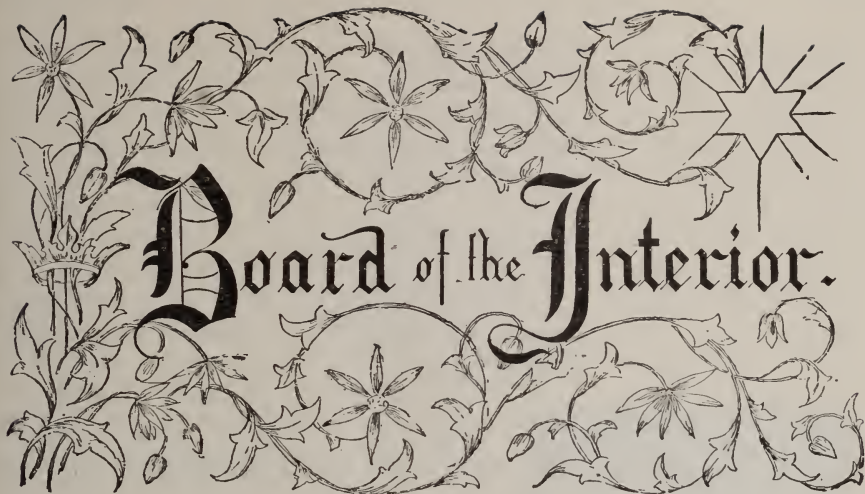
### WOMAN'S EVANGELISTIC WORK IN JAPAN.—THE BIBLE WOMEN.

BY MISS ADELAIDE DAUGHADAY, OF SAPPORO, JAPAN.

THE question is sometimes asked, What are the duties of a Bible woman? She must learn about all the new people, the sick, the poor and all who are in trouble in the church, and report to the missionary whose assistant she is. One must not simply call at a door, but custom requires that she must enter, talk and sip tea for a while. This takes a great deal of time. Then, as a slight breach of etiquette is considered a grave offense, she must always accompany the missionary lady when making calls, or homes and even neighborhoods might soon be closed to her. Etiquette requires that a woman must not move her lips when talking, so it is often necessary for her to translate their low, indistinct utterance to the lady; the great variety in dialects compels the same thing. Upon evangelistic tours she is expected to do her part in the public addresses, as the Japanese do not feel repaid for coming out to hear one speaker; at some of the largest meetings there are six speakers, and each one is expected to occupy about an hour. In a town near Sapporo I was requested to speak to the children present; then my Bible woman was asked to follow with a talk; then they told me that the young women would consider it a compliment if there could be a short address given entirely to them; after that the meeting of the evening began. It was nearly midnight when all was over.

The Bible woman must plan with the missionary for all public meetings and interview scores of people, nurse the sick when necessary, assist at funerals, give valuable aid at large meetings for children; and, in short, since it is a physical impossibility to be in two places at once and do more than half what one is urged to do, she must in every way try to save a missionary's time and strength.





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## A MARTYR.

MISS HARRIET L. KEYES.

[Rev. John L. Stephens, Missionary of the American Board, was murdered by a mob at Aqualules, Mexico, March 2, 1874.]

Fallen in his armor  
At the breaking of the day!  
Who shall bear the tidings  
To his comrades far away?  
Alone he went undaunted  
To the frontier post,  
But many prayers were with him,  
And the hearts of a host.

Ever in the vanguard  
We saw his sword and shield;  
He lies on the buckler  
He bore upon the field.  
The stout-hearted soldier  
Sent terror to the foe,  
And by a secret weapon  
They sought to lay him low.

But always the martyr  
 Dies to live again;  
 His name shall be more  
 Than half a hundred men.  
 From the blood-sprinkled soil  
 Will many harvests grow,  
 And he shall welcome home  
 Souls from Mexico.

Fallen in his armor!  
 Who will take his place?  
 Who will win for Jesus  
 Another ransomed race?  
 In their crowns of rejoicing  
 Kindred stars shall glow,  
 Who live and die for God  
 And for Mexico.

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## MEXICAN STORIES FOR MY CHILDREN.

BY REV. A. C. WRIGHT.

[Mr. Wright spends a part of every summer going with his students to various points in Mexico where they are to preach during the vacation, inaugurating the work for them if no Protestant has ever been there before, and remaining for evangelistic services more or less time in each place. These trips are from fifteen to seventeen hundred miles long by rail, by wagon or by saddle,—sometimes by all three; and on his return his little children love to hear of his “journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, beside those things that are without,—the care of all the churches.”]

### I. THE HORSE THAT WANTED TO LEAVE ME BEHIND.

I THINK that Margarita and Bonnie can remember that horse—the big, raw-boned bay that I bought in Parral for my long trip to Batopilas and Dolores, and that jumped and kicked so the first time I tightened up the back girth of the saddle on him. He always had a sort of bad look in his eye, but he was strong, and in good flesh for work, and he did me very good service indeed, with no trouble at all from him until the day I am going to tell you about.

It was when I was on my way home from Dolores, six days' ride over a road which I had never traveled, and I was entirely alone. I had left Isabel in Dolores to preach for the rest of his vacation, and Don Florentino had gone on farther to sell Bibles in new places, and I had secured from him so accurate a description of the road that I did not think that I could go astray, although I could not expect to meet more than one or two persons in all six days on the road.

The first day was fine, and I enjoyed climbing up the four thousand feet

of ascent from Dolores, where I had been feasting on bananas, pomegranates, *guayavas*, *aguacates*, and so many other fruits of the hot country that I can scarcely remember their names, up to the highest crest of the mountain range, from which, through a rare opening in the great pine forest, I could see the beautiful series of mountains and deep valleys stretching off toward the Pacific Ocean. It was so entrancing a sight that I stopped there to eat my dinner, while the horse browsed the grass by the roadside. You know that when I say road, I do not mean a good wide road for wagons, for I did not see a wheeled vehicle for two months while traveling through that country, as it is so mountainous that they cannot be used. The roads are narrow paths, just wide enough for one horse, sometimes so dim that it is hard to keep in them; but on the mountain sides they are worn deep, and wind back and forth around the cliffs and over the rocks, and one can often look right down the mountain sides where a misstep or a stumble would precipitate the rider for thousands of feet.

Soon after eating my dinner a big misty cloud rolled up from the valley, and enwrapped us in itself, and then it began to rain, and the water poured down on me for three hours, so that I rode into Guadalupe y Calvo very wet in spite of my big yellow "slicker."

The second day, in crossing a stream, I could not tell where the road went out on the farther side, and in trying to get up the bank, my horse slipped just before getting across a stretch of about sixty feet of wet, white ledge of rock, and slid on his side clear down into the water of the stream. I had jumped off hastily when he fell, and now I had to rush into the water to catch him before he should have time to regain his feet and run away. Then I tried to lead him up the same place, but he could not make it, and down he went a second time, cutting his side slightly with his shoe, so I had to ride up the stream in search of a better place to get out.

That night I passed in a town of Indians, where there were only a few *gente de razon*, or reasoning creatures, as they call the Mexicans. As for the next three days I would not see a house on the road, nor probably meet any one; and as there was a river to cross that might be swollen and danger-



ISABEL.

ous, I tried to get an Indian to go with me as guide. The Tarahumara Indians are famous runners, and one of them could easily go on foot as fast as I should wish my horse to go.

But I failed to find one, and so started out alone, and traveled up and up a narrow canyon all the morning; and at noon I had just reached the high level plain lying between the two rivers, and was looking for a good place to stop for dinner where there would be grass for the horse, when I came to a steep pitch in the road, and got off the horse for a change for myself and him, as I had often done on the way, and let him go before me along the path. As he came to an abrupt step of a couple of feet, he went down with a jump and loosened the canteen of water from the pommel of the saddle, so that it fell with a clatter upon the stones, and that frightened the horse, and he jumped to one side, and started off on a gallop. I picked up the canteen and followed on, thinking that he would soon stop, for he had traveled enough to be tired; but he had another idea, and he put it into execution very nicely. He would eat grass until I got pretty near him, and then off he would trot, and so he kept on until I saw that he did not intend to let me catch him at all. The horse carried my coat, blankets, rifle and provisions. If I should keep him going on ahead of me, there were three days' travel before me to reach any house; and if I turned back, there was a long half day and back again to lose, and I was very anxious to see my wife and little ones, from whom I had been away for so long a time.

I saw no way to do, however, but to try to drive him back over the road we had come, and so I made a long circle around him, hoping to get him started back; but he seemed to guess what I wanted to do, and left the road and ran off to one side for about a mile. I followed on, already beginning to feel weak from hunger, and succeeded, after a long while, in getting him back in the road. I drove him carefully along until he was well into the canyon, some five miles back, running down to the river, and there the mountains shut in the road so closely that I had no fear of his getting past me, and we went along at a better rate. As the road twisted back and forth across the stream, and up and down over the rocks, an idea occurred to me, which I tried to put into execution as neatly as the horse had done his. I soon had the opportunity I wanted, which was a sharp bend in the road while the path was cut down so deep that the horse could not see me, and would have little chance to turn around; while I, by climbing up quickly over the rocks and running across, might jump down in front of the horse and catch him before he could turn around. This is just what I did, and as I jumped right down before the astonished animal, from the side which was almost as high as his head, I seized the rope that was around his neck, for



the bridle would certainly have broken. The horse reared and raised me clear from the ground while he turned on his hind feet and started back along the road at a run. I hung on as though it were my last chance, and was soon able to get hold of his nostrils and gradually quiet him down. Then I got on him and found all my possessions intact in spite of the jumps and scratches on the rocks; but I was nearly tired out, with relaxed muscles, empty stomach, and my head throbbing with pain, though very grateful to be in the saddle once more and to know that the horse had not been able to leave me behind.



A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN SCENE IN MEXICO.

## II. THE BIG CAVE WHERE IT WAS NEEDED.

This story will be part of the one about "The Horse That Wanted to Leave me Behind." I had hardly started back on the road by four o'clock, after eating a little bread, when it began to rain, and continued for over an hour. As I had my good oil "slicker," I could keep myself dry better while on the horse than off him, and so I kept going on steadily; but what to do for the night troubled me. As I told you, there were no houses along the road, and I had lost so much time that I could not expect to reach the cave of which Don Florentino had told me, where I had supposed I should pass the night; and everything was soaked with water, with three or four

inches running in the road. As the sun began to near the horizon, I examined carefully every clump of bushes and every fallen or hollow tree to find some dry place large enough to curl up in for the night; but not a dry place could I find. There was no hope of a fire, with no ax to cut into the logs; and I began to console myself as best I could with the idea of trying to sleep standing, or leaning against a tree.

At last I said to myself, as the light was fading away, "I will keep on just five minutes longer, and if I do not find a better place by that time, I will stop wherever I happen to be at the time." Just then the road began to descend quite rapidly, and was at the bottom of an *arroyo* (gorge); and as I turned a sharp curve, what should I find but the best place imaginable on such a road to pass the night. There, under a great shelf of overhanging rock, high enough at the outer side to ride under on horseback, was a fine, dry cave with sandy floor, large enough for a troop of fifty men to sleep in, with dry wood to burn all night, and even splinters of pitch-pine to start the fire, the purling stream of clear water for my coffee at my feet, and good grass for the horse just around the bend of the road. How thankful I was, as I loosened my stiffened legs from the stirrups and got down. It seemed to me an assurance that the Lord was with me, to keep me from serious harm on my journey, and to take me back in safety to my dear ones waiting for me.

I was too tired to eat that night, and my head ached steadily; but I built up a roaring fire, and sunk into the soundest of slumber, and awoke in the morning fresh for another day's ride after a good hot breakfast.

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### A TOUR IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS.

[Spelling, capitals and syntax are printed just as received in this letter. The penmanship is clear and regular.]

KUSAIE GIRLS' SCHOOL.  
CAROLINE ISLANDS, Jan. 22d, 1899.

DEAR FRIENDS: I was very glad to write this letter to you, and tell you about our Journey when we go to Marshall Islands in A. D. 1899.

We left Kusaie Sept. 22, 1899 on Friday and we sail to Nanrik. We reach there on Monday, and I and two more girls and Mother Olin and Dr. Rife and some of the boys went ashore. You know there is no harbor in that Island and the ship sailed about until we came back from shore. We did not stay on the land very long; we have meeting with the people an hour, and then we have more little time with our friends, and when the boat come for us we all go back to the ship about noon.

From there we sail to Ebon. We were there on Tuesday morning and the ship go in the lagoon and anchor, and after we get ready to go ashore we all go for our washing. After our washing the meeting bell rung, and

we all go in the church to have meeting with the people. After our meeting with the people, we girls and our two teachers and Mrs. Rife will have a meeting with only women and children.

When our meeting was over, we girls went back to the wash-place to take all our clothes and get ready to go back to the ship. But those who have friends on the land and those who belong to that Island, they will stay longer and have a good time with their friends until it is time to go. We stay in that Island for a night, and in the morning when we ready to go, and the ship try to go out it could not, because the wind was come against it, and we go back and anchor, and after a while when the wind was more out, we start of.

When we left Ebon we go to Jaluit, and we reach there the next day.

We go first to the Commissar's place and anchor there just a few hours. Then we go to the other place, where the teachers live, and stay there for a night. The next day we go ashore to have meeting with the people and after we came from the shore and Jeremiah had all his things out we go.

We leave Jaluit and sail to Mille. We take Jeremiah with us to help with the work. On the sea we have Sunday, and on Monday we reach Mille. When we have anchored and the people come to the ship we know that the other teacher wasn't in there. They told us that he went to a little Island to preach on Sunday, and we wait for him and after a while we saw a boat coming. It was one of the chiefs' boat, and his name was Moses. They come to the ship and shake hands with us and after we ready to go on shore the chief ask Mother Hoppin if she wants to go with him on his own boat, and she said, "Yes, I do." Mother Hoppin ask him if he have more room for some of the girls and he said, "Yes, I have many room for any body that wants to come," and we all go ashore after Dr. Rife and Mother Olin and the boys and girls. The girls who went with Mother Hoppin are Bereti, Likijer, Louisa, Luriene, Lijeila, Lijobwin, Elisa, Lijañur, Likomeon and myself.

When we were on shore we get all our things to go and wash. After we get our washing done we all go to the church to have meeting. After the meeting we all go back to the teacher's house to have something to eat. When we were there the chief send Mother Hoppin and Jeremiah a very big Jenkun. Three men bring it to us.

I'll tell you how they make this thing. They first prepare some breadfruit, or the pandanus and put it under the sun until it's very dry, and after that they put it in some pandanus leaves and tie it with the cords. It will keep for a long time,—until any time when they have not very much food.

When it's evening the Star boat come for us. But Mother Hoppin wants the girls to sleep on shore that night and have a nice time there, and so Dr. Rife and his folks only go back to the ship, and all the girls and some boys stay ashore. We are more glad to sleep on shore than on the ship because it's too hot in our room. Moses was very glad to have us and our teachers in his house, and he make a feast for them and after their dinner the girls sang to him and after that they went to bed. In the morning we get up before the light and get our things ready to go back to the ship. When the Star left Mille it sail to Mejenen; we have two teachers' place there, and we

go to the first place where the Rev. Larejib was, and take two of our friends from there. They were [had been.—ED.] there about one year in teaching and we take them to Jaluit, but another man take their place in that Island.

We are very glad to have our nice time to go and see about God's work in the Marshall Islands. We didn't have very much time with them this time, and we very much hurry in our work. I am very much thank God for His kindness in giving the people His Spirit in their hearts. I think the work of God is more better than before.

I hope that you will be very glad to hear about God's work on these Islands and about the Christian on Micronesia. Hoping to hear from the Christian in America some good news. When we have our meetings with the people in every Island they all will say to us, "Please give our love to all Christians in America," and I think they love Jesus in their heart. Most of them ask that we help them with our prayers. I'm very much want to write about all the things we do on tour, but I think this is most useful for you,—to hear about the work of God among those people.

Remember us all in your prayers that we will stand fast in the love of Jesus.

I am your friend in the name of Jesus.

(Written by)

(Copied by)

NEIBAJ.

REBECCA.

MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK is to sail for Turkey by the "Umbria," Cunard Line, September 1st, from New York. She leaves her "thanks and good-by for all who 'wished her success'—who tried to help—who did help in efforts for the orphans, and desires continued prayer and interest."

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 10, 1900, TO JULY 10, 1900.

<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>ILLINOIS . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">2,096 75</td></tr> <tr><td>INDIANA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">25 84</td></tr> <tr><td>IOWA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">486 69</td></tr> <tr><td>KANSAS . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">69 77</td></tr> <tr><td>MICHIGAN . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">482 51</td></tr> <tr><td>MINNESOTA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">218 14</td></tr> <tr><td>MISSOURI . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">26 08</td></tr> <tr><td>NEBRASKA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">64 03</td></tr> <tr><td>OHIO . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">556 90</td></tr> <tr><td>SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">29 09</td></tr> <tr><td>WISCONSIN . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">292 81</td></tr> <tr><td>MASSACHUSETTS . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">250 00</td></tr> <tr><td>NORTH CAROLINA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">35 00</td></tr> <tr><td>PENNSYLVANIA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">58 00</td></tr> <tr><td>JAPAN . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">15 00</td></tr> <tr><td>MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">32 76</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2"><hr style="width: 100%;"/></td></tr> <tr><td>Receipts for the month . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">4,739 37</td></tr> </table>	ILLINOIS . . . . .	2,096 75	INDIANA . . . . .	25 84	IOWA . . . . .	486 69	KANSAS . . . . .	69 77	MICHIGAN . . . . .	482 51	MINNESOTA . . . . .	218 14	MISSOURI . . . . .	26 08	NEBRASKA . . . . .	64 03	OHIO . . . . .	556 90	SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .	29 09	WISCONSIN . . . . .	292 81	MASSACHUSETTS . . . . .	250 00	NORTH CAROLINA . . . . .	35 00	PENNSYLVANIA . . . . .	58 00	JAPAN . . . . .	15 00	MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .	32 76	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>		Receipts for the month . . . . .	4,739 37	<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>Previously acknowledged . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">33,506 92</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2"><hr style="width: 100%;"/></td></tr> <tr><td>Total since October, 1899 . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">\$38,246 29</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2"> </td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2" style="text-align: center;">INDIA RELIEF FUND.</td></tr> <tr><td>Received this month . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">181 15</td></tr> <tr><td>Already forwarded . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">736 69</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2"><hr style="width: 100%;"/></td></tr> <tr><td>Total to date . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">\$917 84</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2"> </td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2" style="text-align: center;">CENTURY FUND.</td></tr> <tr><td>Received this month . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">310 35</td></tr> <tr><td>Already reported . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">1,694 42</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2"><hr style="width: 100%;"/></td></tr> <tr><td>Total . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">\$2,004 77</td></tr> </table>	Previously acknowledged . . . . .	33,506 92	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>		Total since October, 1899 . . . . .	\$38,246 29	 		INDIA RELIEF FUND.		Received this month . . . . .	181 15	Already forwarded . . . . .	736 69	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>		Total to date . . . . .	\$917 84	 		CENTURY FUND.		Received this month . . . . .	310 35	Already reported . . . . .	1,694 42	<hr style="width: 100%;"/>		Total . . . . .	\$2,004 77
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MRS. E. M. WILLIAMS, Ass't Treas.





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